

BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1949



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By JACK MATTHEW



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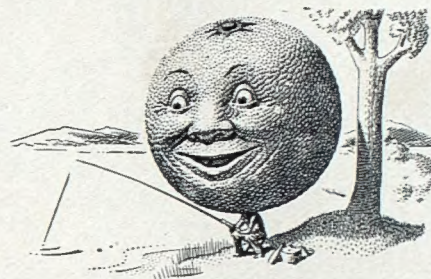
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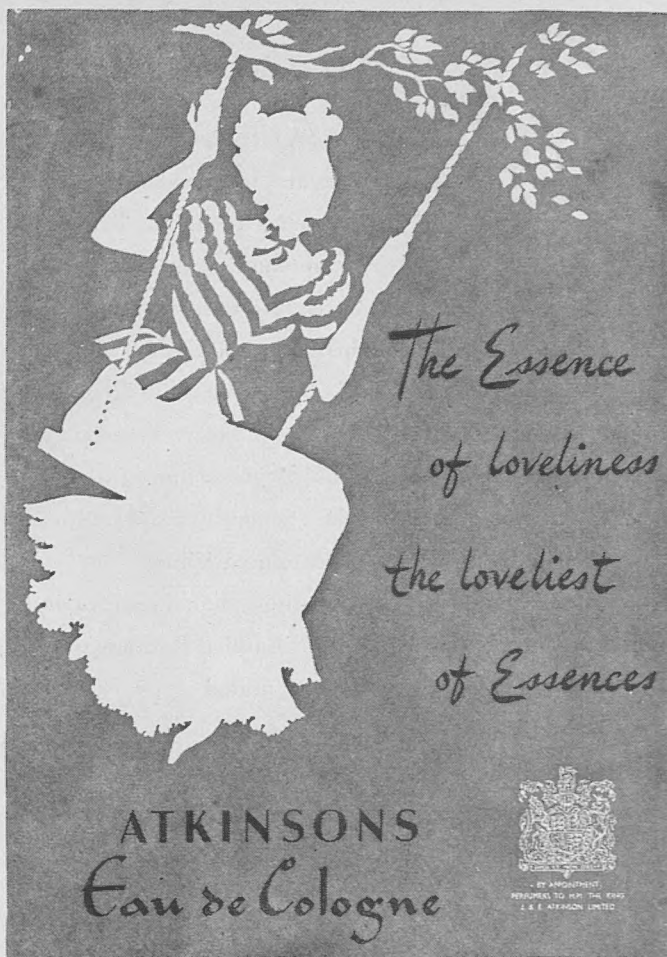
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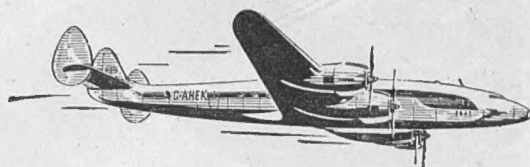
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S.31



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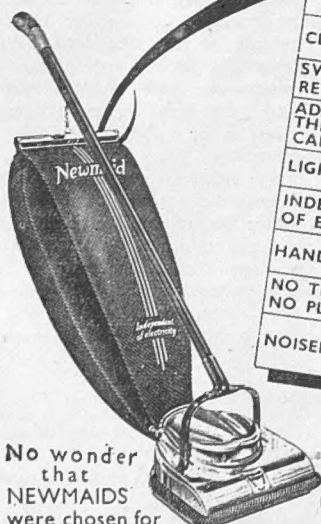
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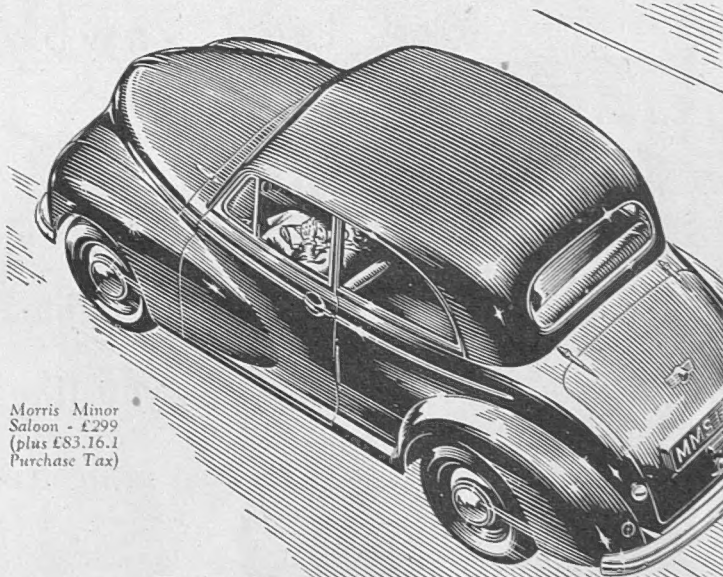
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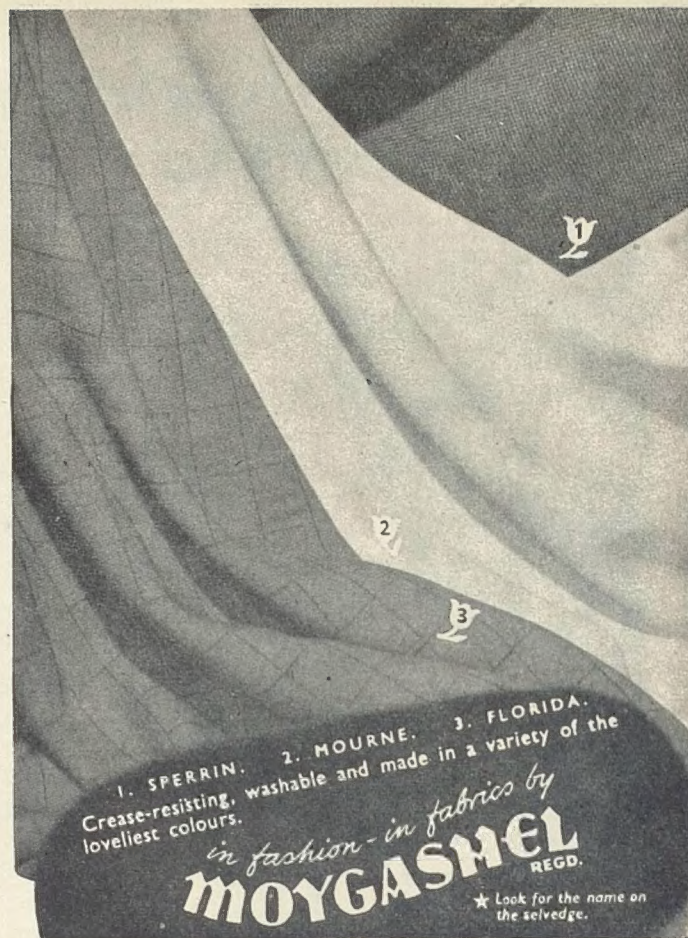


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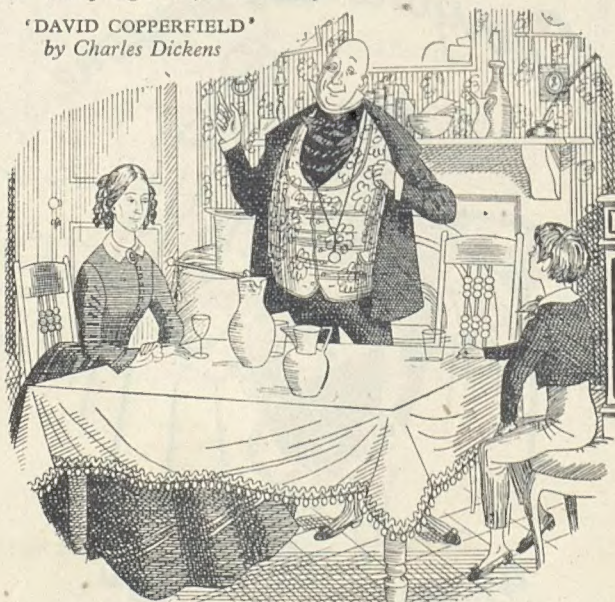
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Britannia and Eve



The two boats sped like two tiny beetles crawling across an uneasy floor

THEY were for all the world like two tiny beetles crawling across a floor, but in a room without walls. The horizons, always retreating, failed to fulfil any cloudy promise of ship or landfall. Since that moment when a flash explosion had rent her, and the *Cassiar* flared her brief and lurid protest against final oblivion, the two boats had stuck together. A half gale that had dispersed the other boats had failed to separate them. Now there was no wind. The sea was flat with inertia, though underneath them it was a nauseous mass, for ever uneasy, yet singularly purposeless.

In Number 2 Boat were nine surviving members of the crew under Second Officer Jones. In Number 1 Boat, with Captain Starke, were five able-bodied seamen, Haddon the negro cook, three passengers—and Bates, the ship's carpenter.

From time to time Bates would curse his ill-fortune.

"Just my luck," Bates told himself, "to win a sweepstake and then have this happen."

And he would stare with growing antagonism at Miss Dulham, so composedly accepting this ordeal, sitting there as if this were all in the day's work; Miss Dulham who, at seventy-six, should be home doing her knitting instead of travelling around the world on a tramp freighter.

As for the other two passengers—Mr. Wilson and his wife—they were newly-weds, for whom this was a misadventure en route to some obscure field of research.

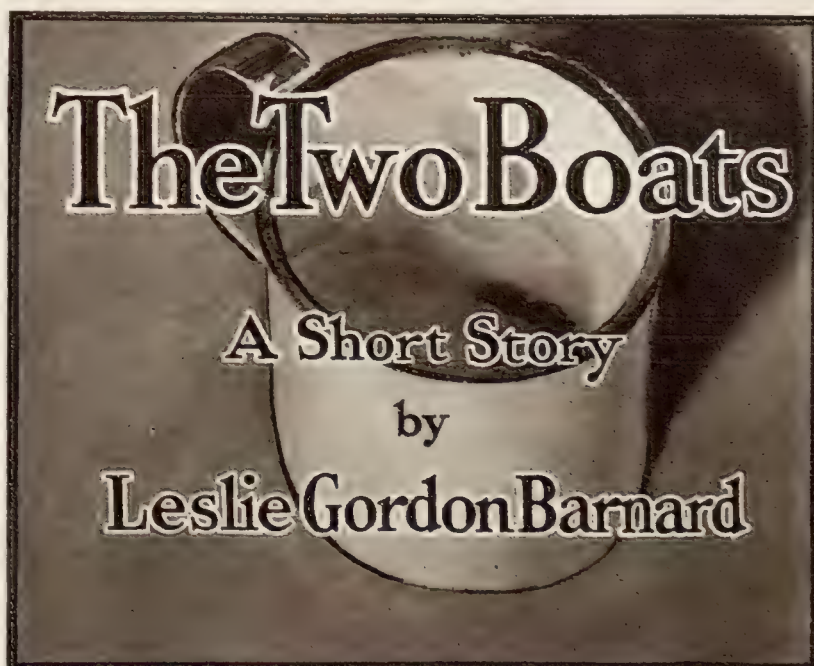
The young wife was ill; she lay with her head alternately in her husband's lap and Miss Dulham's. Fevered, at times she babbled in delirium.

Except when he took his turn at the oars, callousing his unaccustomed hands with the pulling, or from sheer exhaustion

IT was this quite futile optimism that roused Bates' ire. The old fool, he thought, sitting there looking as if nothing in heaven or earth, sea or sky could get her down; retaining a kind of calm dignity even in this damned open boat. Looking like Queen Victoria gone to sea. Well, she hadn't just won £10,000 on the sweepstakes! Word of his sweepstake winning had come by wireless only two days before the catastrophe. For forty-eight hours Bates had indulged in glorious speculations. What times he meant to have when he got back home! £10,000! And now he wasn't at all sure he'd ever see land again. Make you sick, it would! At least the missus would get it, and Peggy and the kids would benefit. Make fools of themselves with it, he shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't put it past the missus to up and marry some bounder who'd be only after her money—what was left after the Government got its slice. And Peggy! Mightn't do her any good; unless he was there to keep an eye on

her. My God! to get home. To walk in on them triumphantly, and say he was back from the sea for good, and they were all going to enjoy things now. Go to Blackpool for a holiday first off. Lie on the sands and look at the sea he was well rid of, the sound of people around him, and the missus doing some fancy-work kind of thing beside him, and Peggy's youngsters, climbing over him, putting sand on him. . . .

Bates stared with an almost baleful intensity at Miss Dulham. He suspected



dropped off into a troubled sleep, young Wilson kept his eyes on his wife, as if by sheer power of mind or spirit he would retain or induce in her the will to live.

With almost equal constancy Miss Dulham's glance swept the empty sea, forever hopeful, but the brief beacon of the *Cassiar* had flared unseen, and the wireless had from the first been rendered useless. Of all the company, Miss Dulham was perhaps the most stubbornly optimistic of salvation.

her of praying. He had hoped indeed that there might be some potent magic in it, but it didn't work. At times he regarded her with the disillusioned scorn a child might have for a conjurer who had failed to produce a rabbit from a hat.

"Ten thousand ruddy pounds," he told himself. "And me out here."

IT was on the fourth day that the spectre of thirst began to haunt them. As the boats drew together, Second Officer Jones communicated the ill tidings:

"Lost half our water, Sir. Storage tank developed a fault and it seeped away during the night."

"Come alongside," the skipper ordered. "We'll share up."

From that time a strict rationing of water was enforced.

"Equal rations for everyone," Captain Starke decreed; then amended it, "except for Mrs. Wilson."

Bates cursed under his four-day growth of beard. It was not against young Mrs. Wilson having an extra portion he was protesting; it was the whole damn picture.

Captain Starke swung on him.

"I'm putting you in charge of the water supply in Number 1 Boat."

"Yes, Captain Starke, Sir," Bates said.

His voice was surly. They couldn't come around him like this. Fed up, that's what he was. Ten thousand blinking pounds—waiting and him in an open boat well off the trade routes—and now this! No good having provisions for weeks if meanwhile you perished with thirst. The mere thought of it inflamed desire in your throat and lodged a hint of panic in your eyes.

So they wanted him to dole out the water, did they? That was all right with Bates; so much each person, and God help the blighter who tried to scrounge more than his rightful share! It was something to do at least, apart from the futile discipline of the oars. So from that time on Bates guarded the supply as a watchdog might guard his master's treasure, measuring the portions—no more, no less, except for Mrs. Wilson. He watched the young husband and Miss Dulham depriving themselves of some of their own quota for the sick girl. That was up to them. That was their business. Captain Starke spoke approvingly of Bates' efficiency.

"Don't get to thinking, Captain Starke, Sir," muttered Bates, "that it's anything to me except to make dead sure I get a square deal along with the rest." Catching Miss Dulham's eye he gave her a look that said: "You keep out of this,

Illustrations by

old girl. You're in a man's world now."

IN his own blasphemous way Bates might have been said to pray, involving his soul in the dark mystery of unanswered petition. The sea did not relent. The sky remained unflecked, a blue canvas stretched tautly in an arc from horizon to empty horizon. By day the concavities of a glassy sea troubled the eye; by night the air was cold and the stars remote. If occasionally it was possible to get up a bit of canvas, the promising gusts died and the mockery of useless sails sent them back to the oars. When it was Bates' turn at the oars he would nearly pull his arms from their sockets, making of every purposeless wave an enemy.

"Steady on that oar," Captain Starke would call. "It's steady does it, Bates."

THE water ration was cut again. New creases appeared in the skipper's brow. And still the two boats, comrades in misery, crawled like very weary beetles across the interminable floor. Haddon, the negro cook, would start to sing the songs of his own Southland, but the deep resonance that on shipboard of

From that time on Bates guarded the supply as a watchdog might guard his master's treasure, measuring the portions, no more, no less, except for Mrs. Wilson



a quiet night could twist the heart was gone; his dry-throated attempts grew less frequent, achieving at best a cracked absurdity. The sick girl's delirium, the young husband's fear, became an uneasy background for personal survival, and there, aft, sat Miss Dulham, her body growing weaker through an ordeal too great for it, but her spirit seeming to increase like a flame, until, to Bates' jaundiced eye, she seemed, dumpy little figure that she was, to dominate the boat's company, to grow in stature against the sea. He took no comfort from that: at times he met her eye and knew that she was reading him like a book, and was sorry for him. He asked none of it. Let her keep her feelings to herself.

Once his protest became vocal. That was on the day he and Captain Starke took stock again, carefully estimating the water supply, when Miss Dulham raised a questioning eyelid, Captain Starke said with a kind of grim humour, "Keep praying."

"Damned lot of good that is!" Bates exploded. "What's it getting us?"

Captain Starke's rebuke died at a

gesture from Miss Dulham. It was almost a regal gesture.

"I don't believe, Mr. Bates," she said, "that God's going to change all Nature to suit us, though I believe He *could*. What I do think is that if we commit ourselves to Him he'll give us wisdom to do our very best, and strength to face whatever we have to face."

"Ruddy lot of comfort in that," Bates grumbled.

Captain Starke allowed himself a smile.

"You'll have to forgive Bates' method of expressing himself, Miss Dulham."

"It's quite all right," Miss Dulham said, "I like honesty in anyone. Speaking for myself, I believe God can do anything . . . that within His own laws which we're only beginning to discover, what we call miracles can happen. But a miracle might or might not be the best way out, so I must accept His way even if it isn't what I would choose. You see, it's really just a commitment, to His leading, whatever happens. Then I can go forward confident that, whether it's death or life, it's quite all right. I hope I'm making myself clear. These things are so hard to put into words."

Bates said nothing. There were things he could have told her.

Nice for her to talk that way! The

old girl didn't have a ruddy ten thousand quid—and all that went with it—ready for the claiming.

Turning away, he motioned to one of the sailors to abandon his oar, and began rowing with a fierce intensity.

The seaman whose place he took suddenly raised a shout; and all took notice of his pointing.

A cloud no bigger than a man's hand was rising above the horizon. As they watched, it grew larger, and from it undoubtedly came a slanting deluge of rain falling into the sea.

BEHIND the first were other clouds. In turn they would rise above the sea and hover and one would see the swift and generous descent of rain. Both boatloads watched them with an intense and terrible interest, thirstily, hopefully and, at last, despairingly. They haunted the horizons. They played on the rim of infinity. They would even swing in promise towards the two boats, and then veer off; and Bates would curse with a fine range of invective. Cat-and-mouse, that's what it was. Cat-and-mouse!

Then suddenly there was excitement in Number 2 Boat; a shouting, a renewed pointing. Standing amidships, Second Officer Jones megaphoned the finding.



"Land ahead!"

In a kind of dazed incredulity they all stared, nursing a doubt, a fear that the smudge ahead might prove only a mirage. But the two boats sped, no longer crawling, across the uneasy floor. The smudge grew. The landfall held. It was at least a solid nubbin of land, reef-encircled, apparently covered with rock and sea-plants and scrub vegetation. A slow surf whitened the reefs, which, once successfully navigated, brought the two boats to the sheltered safety of a cove.

Bates was the first to scramble ashore. His face wore again its ten-thousand-pound expectancy. Maybe he'd make it. Maybe he'd walk in on Peggy and the missus after all. As a kind of penance he assiduously escorted Miss Dulham ashore, following the skipper and young Mr. Wilson who, assisted by Haddon and one of the seamen, were carrying the sick girl to a shelter in the rocks.

"Thank you, Mr. Bates," Miss Dulham said. "That's very good of you."

She was breathing a little hard.

Captain Starke directed the slanting of a sailcloth as additional protection.

"Thank God we've got her out of that boat for a while, at least," he said. "Now all we need—"

Bates didn't wait. He knew what was needed, and could think only of his own urgent desire. My God, what he wouldn't give for his fill of water. Preferably cool. But water at any price.

IT was not easy finding. They tried all the likely places, unrewarded. They began again, fanning out, examining, probing, digging.

The rain had been here. At some time it had filled deep pools in the rocks. Marks showed where rivulets had run, bending the grasses; rock formations gave clear evidence of water levels . . . when none were in need of drink. Now all was dry when thirsty men scrambled like uneasy ants over the surface, seeking and never finding. They dug, using such tools as they had, and even shells or their own bleeding fingers. They dug in the shallow earth patches

and found dry rootage; they dug in the margin between the solid core of the rock and the sea, but always the sea came through, salty and impossible. Their eyes evasive, hiding a sudden panic, their hands twitching to throats already inflamed, they converged again.

A seaman said, hoarsely, "We've got to get to hell out of here."

"The sooner the better."

Haddon the negro cook lifted his head.

"I smell wind," he said.

It was true. At that moment a fair wind began to blow.

The men glanced at one another. Then, as if under the same compulsion, they turned their gaze first to sea and the waiting boats, then towards a wedge of sailcloth like a tipsy tent, drawn taut from an overhanging slab of rock. An uneasy silence was broken by the cook.

"Cap'n say she cain't go until the fevah breaks. Comin' to crisis, he say. He say maybe to-night, maybe to-morrow."

Nobody spoke. The Captain would know. He had a smattering of medical knowledge.

(Continued on page 50)



Sitting against a rock and staring with fierce intensity at the retreating speck, was the sodden figure of a man

A view of Port Said and the Canal entrance—a picture taken from the lighthouse. The ground on which Port Said stands was reclaimed from the sea and swamps



Crossroads Of The World

By Martin Thornhill

NEW history—geographical, political, economic—is being made along the 101 miles of classic waterway which pierce the Isthmus of Suez. In the eighty years since he built it De Lesseps's Great Ditch has brought economic wealth to three Powers, the fruits of conquest to another, prosperity to several. It has become an artery of the British Commonwealth; half the traffic through it is British, the other half comprises the ships of twenty-two nations. Net tonnage via the Suez has risen from 436,000 in its first effective year to 36,577,000 in 1947, an increase which western world demand on the Middle Eastern oil fields promises to expand still more. Therefore a substantial programme of works is planned to bring the Crossroads of the World into line with modern needs.

When first opened, the canal was a mere twenty-six feet deep, its maximum width seventy-two. Vessels could cross only at eight points where the width was slightly greater (88½ feet), or in the Great Bitter and Timsah Lakes. To-day the depth is nearly 39 feet, width 197, at some points reaching 328 feet. These dimensions admit the largest vessels plying on the Far Eastern lines and enable them to

cross at any spot, though one ship must tie up while the other passes.

In 1870 transit averaged forty-eight hours; now it is 13½, yet the Suez is more than twice the length of its only comparable project, Panama.

This increased accommodation has written many vital and valuable chapters into the history of world communications. Transits for 1947 totalled 5,972, surpassing even those of the peak year, 1937. As always, the first place was held by Britain, the Union Jack accounting for about half the traffic. But the principal feature of the ever mounting transits is the oil tanker traffic from the Persian Gulf, which has risen to 82.4 per cent of the total. More oil could be moved in fewer transports if modern petroleum ships of much deeper draught could be accommodated, and so it is proposed to deepen the ditch by twenty inches along its entire length. This monster operation, a four-five year task, will necessitate removal of 8,000,000 cubic yards of under-water soil and 800,000 cubic yards of solid rock.

It is now possible for vessels to traverse the canal only in convoys; one has to



The Canal near Ismailia on the banks of Lake Timsah. Ismailia, run entirely by the Canal Company, which has provided all the amenities, is called "The Emerald of Egypt" for the modern beauty of its buildings and the loveliness of its gardens

anchor in one or other of the natural lakes which straddle the canal towards the Red Sea end, while another proceeds. To equalize the waiting periods and give convoys greater mobility between Lake Timsah and the Mediterranean it is proposed to cut out of the desert in that section a six-mile by-pass canal for two-way traffic. Though this will entail a clear-out of eighteen million more cubic yards of earth—almost a three-year job—it will be worth it, for the longed-for loop will lessen by hours the time lost while making up convoys in the lakes.

Could not the heavy pressure on the Suez be relieved by cutting an alternative canal? This question is raised periodically, though there are unanswerable arguments against it. The only alternative route is from Akaba north-westwards. Not only is this a much thicker neck of land than Suez/Port Said, to pierce which would be proportionately more costly; but the waterway would have to cross two, perhaps three, separate countries—a factor which political (Continued on page 58)

PASS by Notting Hill Tube any Sunday afternoon and your ears will be assailed by political outpourings of so bitter and extreme a character that it is no wonder rows of constables and mounted police are there to prevent collisions.

Anyone familiar with the district may well rub his eyes—until he reminds himself that the post-war period has transformed the Kensington—Notting Hill—Bayswater belt into London's most agitated quarter.

No doubt the change is more noticeable because of past respectability. Who ever associated notoriety with the Royal Borough? Notting Hill was not easily to be differentiated from elevated, intellectual Campden Hill. As for Bayswater, the very name conveyed "refined" gentility. Such places were seldom in the headlines, except sedately. Now they are never long out of them, and usually the citation is an unenviable one.

No sooner did a recent first-class "sensation" break into print, than investigations were proceeding in a Kensington basement, and in an establishment in Ladbroke

The "Warmest" Co

Square, which had been conducted as a boarding-house by a couple alleged to be missing.

"Notting Hill running true to form" was the local comment.

In this particular case, that remains to be seen. Yet people were justified in making the comment they did. For Notting Hill Gate, once famous hide-out of highwaymen, sheep-stealers, cut-throats, and other villains of the eighteenth century, is again creating for itself the notoriety it acquired 200 years ago.

For those who don't know Notting Hill (hub of this story), it is two miles west of Marble Arch, yet very central in the transport sense, and packed with boarding and rooming houses—sufficient in these difficult times to explain the feverish latterday influx. You read imploring notices for accommodation in a basement, in an attic, anywhere, and rent ramps would render an already ruddy Bevan, crimson. I suppose being so near Kensington Gardens, and Notting Hill's easy-going, self-contained "way of life," round out the undeniable attraction.

To whom? Well, that's at the root of our story.

First of all, to foreigners, beginning with refugees and stateless ones left over from the war years or accumulating ever since from both sides of the "Iron Curtain" and points much farther south and east. A sortie at high tide confronts one with ebony Africa, dark-hued India, and divers Asiatic, South American and Caribbean shadings. "Lagos, Tel-Aviv, Trinidad, Bombay, Indonesia and Brazil—all on our way to lunch!" as a friend put it.

Many of these coloured folk are *bona fide* students delayed by the war and therefore older than students usually are.

"Students" bring to mind the next most visible invasion. If London's art schools are booming, if there are nigh 14,000 students compared with 6,000 a dozen years ago, if part-time painters have soared to the dizzy figure of 100,000, then a freak proportion of the whole must have gravitated to the Notting Hill region. This always was something of a painters' neighbourhood; now there's a strong flavour of Montmartre and Montparnasse, which is stimulating to the eye and fancy, and derives precisely from the inability of British youth to study in either of these Parisian reserves of the Muses.

CLOSELY allied to the student and art immigrations, is the theatrical one: five cmushroom theatres in a radius of half-a-mile. Here is the recipe: "You borrow some money from your friends, get to work with lath and plywood, fling in fifty-odd chairs, register as a club, and open a bar at the back—and bingo! you're all set." I know of one club-theatre which was started by two unknown but stage-struck young men as a £250 gamble. Others—like the New Lindsey—have produced subsequent West End successes, while the Mercury has a reputation outside this country.

This acting invasion has been matched by lesser film and B.B.C. descents. Nor are diplomatic "C.D." car signs lacking, nor C.I.D. cars for that matter. But we shall come to that. I mean to convey that there's plenty of money round Notting Hill where one of my clan bought a small house for £1,000, in 1939, and sold it seven



years later for four times as much. "I could have got more, but thought it was stealing," relates the vendor.

So I hope we are getting somewhere with the demographic outline of the locality, a highly important factor, always providing the original inhabitants are not overlooked. G. K. C. wrote in 1904 that the neighbourhood was peopled "mainly by dentists, maiden ladies and small tradesmen," and quite a number of each category remains. There is, in fact, a strong survival of ordinary residential life. But we haven't yet finished with the interlopers. . . .

Nature assuredly follows Art when the latter swings with free and easy New Look stride, or undulates in gay slacks and torso sheathing, and so we come to yet another invasion which is something of a mixture. Take a proportion of City gentlemen in quest of their youth, pour freely of *people who normally would be abroad*, add a measure of easy money guys who maintain business "fronts," and a larger measure of the retired and demobbed of the Services, both civil and military, and you at least have some of the ingredients of Nature's follow-up of Art in Notting Hill.

Corner Of London

*Described by Ferdinand Tuohy
And Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.*

All this and Scotland Yard too.

Cosmopolitan Notting Hill has become an esoteric centre which has taken the place of Soho as Number One district to be watched by the police. Once it was "Alsatia" (between the Embankment and Fleet Street), then the Docks, later Seven Dials, later still, Soho, and now it is back again where it was before Alsatia.

IN the days of the stage coach Notting Hill was the resort of famous highwaymen. To-day the same public houses which harboured the killers and thieves who were hunted by the Watch and the Bow-street Runners still stand, frequented now by Black Marketeers, spivs, burglars, and pickpockets.

Names given to some of the "pubs" by the eighteenth-century villains still remain. Hard by Notting Hill Tube stand houses built on a spot once called Gallows Close, where highwaymen were publicly hanged. Within a minute or so of Gallows Close, four of London's worst murders since the war, were revealed.

The cab of taxi-driver Duke Everitt, whose body was found on Lambeth Bridge, was discovered at Notting Hill. The body of "Russian Robert" Martirosoff was pitched from a car on to a near-by vacant lot. In the next street, taximan Joseph Desmond was shot dead. And round the corner, Neville Heath perpetrated his horror (the street is still referred to as "Heath Row" by the macabre-minded).

Fortunately this terrible pace was not maintained, but there is no mistaking what *has* occurred. Some of the Soho underworld moved out to Notting Hill for "health" reasons, and they set a fashion. After collecting recruits locally, they were joined by newcomers from the ranks of deserters, peace-time misfits, and foreign criminal types. The packed, central "climate" of Notting Hill appeals to the present-day type of criminal who uses the district more as a homing centre than the scene of his crimes.

Not that the locality is spared criminal attentions, far from it. The other morning there was a smash and grab getaway at 10 a.m. just below my quarters, after which an antique dealer who watched the proceedings through his window, told me that, not blinking likely, would he ever butt in. "What, and have these fellows marking me down?"

A second recent episode concerned a woman friend who had her fur coat snatched off her back as she sat in a crowded saloon bar. A lady of spirit, she dashed after the robber and collared him, only to see him throw her coat to an accomplice in a car. The runaway then turned and beat her up. Subsequently the loser was advised that unless she dropped her hunt, through the police, she would *really* be beaten up.

Women who live alone in Notting Hill are chary about opening their doors after dark, and some wise ones have altered "Mrs." and "Miss" to "Mr." on their door-cards. Not that this is a sure shield: witness the case (*Continued on page 52*)



One million tons delivered by the R.A.F. in Berlin airlift. Flight-Lieut. Kenneth J. Ryall handing a sack of dried cabbage representing the 1,000,000th ton of airlift supplies to reach Gatow airfield in the British sector of Berlin, landed from an R.A.F. "York" aircraft flown from the British base at Wunsdorf, to Dr. Gustav Klingelhofer, Berlin Economic Councillor



RECENT rumours suggesting that the Russians might soon lift their blockade of the Western sectors of Berlin have materialized and the two million-odd Berliners who for nearly twelve months have been the victims of a peacetime tug-of-war can at least console themselves with the thought that their situation has been unprecedented in history.

Unprecedented because, "cold" warfare being a new conception, never before has there been siege or blockade without shooting. And equally because land-and-water blockade has never before been broken from the air. The technique of aerial supply, that previously had hardly passed beyond the phase of provisioning small groups of isolated people, has for the first time been adapted and expanded to keep alive and working a huge industrial community.

When the airlift started at the end of last June, few thought that it could serve for long. Experts foresaw too many planes being grounded by storm and fog. Pundits predicted unfavourable Russian reactions that might lead to open war. But these things did not happen. The lift went on and increased in volume; and by mid-February the R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. had flown into beleaguered Berlin 1,000,000 tons of supplies.

Records were made and broken. At the end of February over 8,000 tons were landed in twenty-four hours. This figure was put in the shade on April 15-16 by the delivery, in 1,398 flights, of 11,461 tons. That day's all-out effort—which produced an equivalent of twenty-two supply trains of fifty trucks each—was made to find the airlift's saturation point. It actually brought in over 2,000 tons more than the trains had delivered in an average day before the blockade began.

Pie Out Of The Sky

By
Guy Livingston

Roaring so ceaselessly back and forth over the Berliners' heads, the planes from the West were performing, during the winter, more than a one-way service. Between September 1948 and February this year the R.A.F. flew over 12,000 children and nearly 1,000 mothers out of Berlin. Mr. Attlee was voicing the opinion of countless people when he called the airlift one of the wonders of the world.

Peacetime aerial blockade-running in favour of a recently defeated enemy and against a recent ally—it is a Gilbertian and crazily unorthodox task that has been forced on the Western powers. But it is a task that is being brilliantly carried out, a perfectly organized, smooth-working operation that seemingly could go on for ever. Costs are mounting to an astronomical height; but in this respect, having regard to the issues involved, it looks as if the Anglo- (Continued on page 60)

(On left) Unloading a Sunderland flying boat at Havel Lake, on the outskirts of Berlin. This flying boat from Hamburg was loaded with cartons of American cigarettes for the population of Berlin in the western sector to help its fight for freedom from Russian control

(Below) German children in the blockaded sector of Berlin watch the unloading of bags of flour from the giant "Globemaster" at Gatow airfield. This aeroplane carried twenty tons of flour, and is fitted with an electric four-ton lift in the hull to facilitate loading and unloading





SHE leaned against the balustrade of the bridge and gazed down at the silent, swirling waters

and shook his head, philosophised that "there was certainly some rum 'uns about nowadays," and continued on his beat.

The woman went down the street, going from pool to pool of yellow light cast by the street lamps on the wet and shining pavement, until, coming to Cypress Street, she turned into it and entered a doorway, a little way down, on the right. . . .

It was one of those places which are common in the city: a place which called itself a club, but which consisted merely of a single room and a pseudo-fashionable air. It wasn't even a particularly large room—but it was large enough. At the far end, a quartette in dinner jackets played jerky dance music, while their hair flopped down about their eyes. Along either side tables were ranged, ready for the diners; and at the near end, a small but well-stocked bar filled the corner of the room, with high stools set before it.

The woman took the high stool nearest the wall, where the light was dullest, and unbuttoned the black coat; and a black dress was revealed, moulded to a slim and shapely figure. It was a really beautiful figure, and, looking up at her face, automatically one expected that that might be beautiful, too—but it was not, and the realisation came as something of a shock.

Undoubtedly, there had been beauty—indeed there was much evidence of it still, if one really considered her—but there were other things, which marred even the traces of a former loveliness that lingered. Primarily, there was her expression: the brittle, hard stare of the eyes; the cynical drag down at the corner of the mouth. And, secondarily, there was the superfluity of make-up, which gave her a cheap air, and had obviously been resorted to, one might think, in a desperate—and rather pathetic—attempt to stay the ravages of Time.

"Whisky," she said, curtly, to the bartender. "A large one." And then, when he had served her, she sat

staring straight before her, as if refusing to survey the room or to give anything but her strange, unmoving profile as a prey for inquiring eyes.

Other people came and went at the bar, while she drank steadily on. The bartender, recognizing with an experienced eye that here was someone who had come seriously to drink, took to counting—just for interest—and began to make bets with himself. One man tried to speak to her—and she brushed him away with a single word, without even turning

The Woman In Black

Who Discovered, After Much Distress, That Riches And Freedom Do Not Always Make for Happiness

By David St. Lawrence

THE woman in the black coat leaned against the balustrade of the bridge and gazed down at the silent, swirling waters.

"There is," counselled the small, hard voice within her, "always the river. Don't forget that. *There is always the river!*" And she was so far gone in her despair that such murmurings of the mind had no power, even momentarily, to shock her. Indeed, she accepted the injunction of the inner voice as sensible and was—if, perhaps, a little cynically—grateful for

the accommodating presence of the river. . . .

But, with an effort, she pulled herself away, straightened from the balustrade and, turning, continued on across the bridge; and, as she passed the policeman, of whom she had all the time been aware, standing in the shadows watching her, she said, almost whimsically: "It's all right, officer, I'm not going to jump in! —Not yet, anyway!"

And the policeman, staring after her as she retreated into the gloom, scratched

her head. . . . "There's always the river! There's always the river!" the little voice kept on repeating—more excitedly now. . . .

Yes—there was always the river. . . . Thank God! . . .

She ordered yet another drink, and her mind began to work. It strove to break clear of the noisy room, the alcohol and smoke, and to go back over Time and the city. . . .

Behind her, a party was growing noisy. One man said: "She looks a queer bird—the one by the bar!"

And a second man said: "Waiting for a pick-up, I expect," and laughed, suggestively.

But a girl—a pretty girl in a flowered dress—said: "Shut up, you two! She'll hear!" And then, kindly: "Besides, I think she looks sad. I feel rather sorry for her. . . ."

The woman in the black coat heard it all, but gave no sign. For a moment, her mind hung on the words of the girl, and she felt grateful; but then her thoughts and concentration broke finally with the present and went away, to revisit the past. . . .

SHE blamed everything on her mother—her mother, who had kept her like a nun! For the first twenty years of her life she had lived at The Grange and, except for an occasional visit to or by her mother's friends, had had no contact with the outside world. For her mother had been old-fashioned and had carried things to extremes. Her mother had believed that girls should live a sequestered, closely-guarded life until, married off by mutual agreement between parents, they should bear children, and then, quietly, graciously, wither away in a welter of crisp, black satin, lace ruffles, high morality and seclusion until, in the end, they died, leaving the world unmarked by their passing.

And that was what her mother had planned for her. She had not even been allowed to go to school, but had had a governess. The governess had enlightened her only on those subjects on which young ladies of a bygone era had used to be enlightened; her mother had taught her to sit up straight at table and to speak only when spoken to; and Michael—Michael had been her only playmate. . . .

Her mother had approved of Michael—not so much because of himself but because of the fact that his parents had lived in a house even bigger than The Grange; that one day he would inherit a sizeable estate; and that his father was entitled to an "honourable" before his name—all of which, apparently, was of value and to be desired. So Michael, two years older than herself, had been the only companion she had had of her own generation, and the hours they had spent together were the only happy childhood memories that she had. . . .

But then, when he had been thirteen and she eleven, Michael had gone away to school, and it had been during the years that had followed that she had realized the marvellous thing that had come about. . . .

It happened one day, when she was eighteen—when Michael was ending his first year at the University, reading medicine—and she was sitting before her mirror when, suddenly, she realized that she was beautiful! She leaned closer to the glass and stared and stared. . . . But, indeed, she *was* beautiful—and, until that moment, she had not even considered how she looked! And now, the realization burst like a bomb in her brain and made her think—and, thinking, she began to see pictures of what might be, if only she could break from the solemn existence that was her lot. And she knew then what she wanted—that she wanted to break loose and run out into the world. . . . That she wanted to be *free*!

But how could she? It was not as easy as that! She had no money—nowhere to go. . . .

From then on, she despised her home and everything to do with it. She even despised Michael—and told him so when home on his next vacation, and laughed at the look of pain that appeared in his eyes.

"You're so *serious*, Michael!" she said. "So dull—like everything else round here! You bore me! In fact, you bore me so much, I think—yes, I *hate* you!" And she laughed again, tasting the delicious, savage delight of rebellion, and ran away among the trees.

Her mother noticed the change in her, but said nothing for a long time. Then, one day, at tea, she broached the subject of Michael—and, for the first time, she, Louise, openly rebelled against her mother and war was declared!

"Louise—what is wrong between you and Michael?"

"Wrong, mother?"

"Yes—wrong! And there's no need to try to look so surprised, because you know perfectly well what I mean! So far as I am aware, Michael did not come to see you once during his last vacation."

"We quarrelled, mother."

"Indeed! And over what, might I ask?"

"I told him that he—bored me!"

"Louise—!"

"Yes—and that I hated him!"

"Louise!"

Her mother was furious; and, perhaps sensing that her

"I DON'T approve of the way you live, Louise. And, talking about your friends, I think they're waiting for you."

It was a peremptory order to go, and she stood up, flushed and angry



authority was to be challenged, laid down what should and would, and should not and would not be. Michael was a gentleman and would be a creditable attachment to any family, and it had always been her hope and intention that, one day, her daughter would marry him. . . .

"So that I can have a father-in-law with an 'Honourable' before his name, I suppose!" snapped Louise, breaking in, after listening with anger in her heart. "Well, I won't marry him, mother—and that's final! I won't marry anybody!" And she stormed from the room, banging the door behind her and closing her ears to the voice of her mother, calling after her. . . .

And, half an hour later, when she went again to the drawing-

room and found her mother dead, she knew that it was she who had killed her, and felt no twinge of conscience or regret. . . .

IN life, her mother had been provident; and, in death, she left a fortune—and all of it to Louise. And Louise, returning from the solemn little service in the village churchyard, and having speeded the last of the mourners on their way, ran up to her room, stood before her glass and laughed!

She laughed with all the joy of her new-found freedom. She laughed until the tears rolled down her face. She laughed as if the Devil himself were in her—and then began to think of all the things she was going to do.

And there were so many things to do—so many things she *had* to do if she were to make up for the time that had already been lost! There was London—and Paris—Monte Carlo, Nice and New York! There was the whole wide world, waiting for her to explore while she was still young. . . .

And there was her loveliness, and all the excitements and satisfactions that that could bring. . . .

She pirouetted before the mirror; and then, dancing about the room, began to tear off the mourning black. . . .

THE Grange was sold—it was bought by a man with a fortune made out of sausages—and she went, for that first winter, to the south of France. Paris saw her in the spring, and London the following autumn. And, thereafter, her movements became too numerous to follow. She sped about the world, flitting lightheartedly from place to place, from gaiety to gaiety, and soon she became well-known. Her name was linked with the son of an earl, in the gossip column of a shiny magazine—and then with the other son of the same earl—and then with someone of whom no one had ever heard before. At first, she was a success—a vast success. . . . And then a qualified one. . . . And then her fame began to hint of notoriety. Tongues wagged, and she cared sufficiently to step cautiously for a while. But then caution grew boring, and, throwing it to the winds, she laughed and plunged wildly on her way. She had an *affaire* with a married man. So what! Hundreds—thousands of women did the same and no one cared! Why pick on her? To hell with morality that had a blind eye! For that matter, to hell with morality! She was young and she was lovely—and she was going to make the most of those blessings! . . .

She accepted the position of not being acknowledged in the best places and became a queen in that strata which is just below. The two sons of the earl did not speak to her any more—but their places were taken by many more. These were of a rather different type, who spent money even more freely, perhaps, than the erstwhile viscount and his brother, but who, on the other hand, demanded more for it in exchange.

And so Louise sank—and went on darting about the world, convinced that she was "living" and "enjoying herself."

And then, one summer, when she was in Switzerland, dining in the open air, at a restaurant by the lakeside, the man sitting next to her said: "See that man over there. He's Michael Lansdowne—the fellow who has brought out this new theory or whatever it is on plastic surgery. . . ."

She raised her eyes and stared. Michael saw her, nodded briefly and sat down at a table alone. She thought how handsome he looked—how quiet, responsible and gentle. . . . And, all of a sudden, she was sick of the company she was keeping, and she rose from the table, with a vague "excuse me," and went towards him. . . .

"Hello, Michael."

He stood up, his eyes searching hers. "Hello, Louise." The words were politely spoken, but cold—cold and crisp as frost.

"Well," she smiled, angry with herself for feeling ill at ease, "aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"I'm sorry." He waited until she had taken the chair he moved round for her, and then went on: "You must excuse me if I am a little slow. No doubt you will remember that it was always one of my failings." And his mouth stiffened, perceptibly, so that he looked quite bitter.

She laughed. "Good Lord!—are you still angry about that . . .?"

But he cut in, quietly:

(Continued on page 55)

Illustrations

by

Albert Bailey





(Above) An ancient Tudor House in the old world square by the church at Rye, Sussex

(Above right) Moor Hall, Stoke by Clare, Suffolk. A plain but pleasing Manor House

(Right) A simple type of lath and plaster house at Blewbury, Berks. The handsome chimney stack forms part of the design



Fashions Change— And Houses, Too

By M. Lovett Turner

HOUSES reflect the character of the times in which they were built as much as clothes mirror the vanity of the age in which they were worn. We can trace the hard-living, roystering life of the middle ages by the importance of the kitchen allied to the great hall of the house, with its minstrels' gallery spreading music and song over the noisy feasters below.

The Elizabethans, with a growing desire for more comfort and privacy, added rooms for retirement, study and music—though their bedrooms still opened into one another, and the only privacy was behind the heavy curtains hung round the four-poster beds they favoured.

The ever-growing fashion of the young man of the period to take the "grand tour" of Europe as part of his education, and as a hall-mark of social standing, encouraged the Jacobean to show their knowledge of the classics by building enormous mansions in the Grecian or Roman style, giving little thought for the comfort or service within. Outbuildings, spreading farther and farther from the central block, formed elegant wings to the houses but must have been a trial to the serving wench, who often had a walk of several minutes' duration from kitchen

to dining-hall.

In towns servants fared even worse. They worked in "dungeon-like" basements, and slept in attics hidden behind high parapets as if the architect were ashamed of them, as, indeed he had every right to be. However, servants were cheap and plentiful and, if they lacked the brains to demand better conditions, they did possess sturdy legs and were willing to use them.

(Continued on page 56)



The Circus, Bath, Somerset. Commenced by John Woods the Elder and finished by his son in 1785. Thomas Gainsborough, the famous painter, lived in The Circus and paid £50 a year rent.



North End House, Rottingdean, Sussex. At one time the home of the celebrated artist, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Note the Mansard roof and studio built above the gable.

Hugo took the letters to the library under the lofty look-out over the sea where he worked. He scanned the proofs of an infidelity he had long suspected



A Guernsey Exile

Victor Hugo, Who Fled To Guernsey To Save His Life,
And Whilst Living There With Juliette Drouet, Wrote
His Epic Novel, "Les Miserables"

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

FOR fifteen years, from 1855 to 1870, Victor Hugo lived an exile's life at Guernsey. There he completed *Les Miserables* and wrote *The Toilers of the Sea* and other works. There, too, one fateful day, he opened a packet delivered at Hauteville House by the postman from St. Peter Port. It was addressed in Sainte-Beuve's handwriting. It contained old love-letters of his wife's to the famous critic, once his friend—some decorated with vulgar drawings. Sainte-Beuve, piqued by something Hugo had written about him, had sent them to wound him, betraying without scruple an old passion best left buried.

Hugo took them to the library under the lofty look-out over the sea where he worked. He blanched as he scanned the proofs of an infidelity he had long suspected. He was so stricken with anger, disgust, contempt, that he thought of suicide. Then he sealed them again and hid them in a secret drawer of his desk. Juliette . . . He must go at once to his mistress, Juliette Drouet, and tell her. . . .

Downstairs at the door he encountered the wife who had written those letters. Noticing the anger in his face, she asked: was anything wrong? He went on his way to Juliette's nearby villa without replying, walking like a man possessed.

Juliette, too, was alarmed by his appearance. Something to do with Adèle, was it? "You must not be harsh," she hastened to say. "You do not treat her too well."

Then he told her of the letters. "That detestable Sainte-Beuve!" he exclaimed. "He should be hung head-down in a pit full of red ants!"

"But, Victor," she pleaded, "you yourself, referring to me, said that a fallen woman must never be abused—and she had only one lover."

No matter. Henceforth Adèle would

no longer be mistress of his home. Juliette must take over the household accounts, pay the servants' wages. "I will see that she controls nothing, nothing!" Hugo raged.

"You will make her detest me," she warned him.

"She does that already," he replied. "If you won't agree I will go away somewhere."

"Then I will do it."

"Every evening," he went on, "my sons and I will dine with you here. I will see that you have extra funds for this."

SO Madame Hugo and her daughter Adèle, who had been given her name, dined alone at Hauteville while the others went to Madame Drouet's. Hugo had



On a carnival night when the streets were gay with revellers Victor went to Juliette's apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Denis and loved her as he had loved no woman, with a passion that was to bind them until death

long been hostile to his wife ; now he hated her. That, according to Léon Daudet, who married Hugo's granddaughter, was the climax to a domestic drama which had first set Paris talking in the late 1820's.

Hugo, then, was a proud, handsome young author with high forehead, deep blue eyes, wavy brown hair, an elegant bearing. He had married his childhood playmate, Adèle Foucher, daughter of an army friend of his father's, and they had four children—two boys, two girls. Adèle was dark-haired, deep-bosomed, with lovely shoulders, rather masculine features, serious, determined eyes.

And what a romantic courtship it had been ! His mother opposed the match, thinking him too young to marry. On the day she was buried young Victor lingered in the cemetery until the gates closed, wandered desolately about the boulevards, then, in his misery, towards the Fouchers' home. He saw the windows lit up and, climbing the stairs to the apartment, heard music, dancing, and saw through a glass door his adored Adèle—smiling, happy—dancing in the arms of another in the ballroom. They had not yet heard of his mother's death.

Later, when the Fouchers left for a holiday at Dreux, Victor followed them there on foot, trudging through the summer heat because he had no money for the fare. Then, after feasting his eyes on her in the street, he wrote her father pretending that he had come at the invitation of a friend living near, and saying of Adèle : " I love her with all my soul, and in my utter sorrow and desolation it is only the thought of her that brings me any joy." They had married at Saint-Sulpice on a grey autumn day in 1822.

Success brought him literary friends, among them Sainte-Beuve: bald, ugly, ill-tempered, with what Daudet called " the face of a malevolent priest." On his frequent visits to the Hugo home he fell in love with Madame, even confessed the attachment to Hugo, who at first pooh-poohed the affair, saying magnanimously : " On no account change your

habits—continue to come as before—twice a day instead of once," and inviting his friend to be godfather when the fourth child, Adèle, was born in 1830. But as time went on Hugo became increasingly suspicious and jealous, and one day he brought the matter to a head.

" You no longer encourage and help me as you did when *Hernani* was produced," he told his wife. " Ever since our little Adèle was born there has been something or someone between us. This doubt is killing me. Please tell me frankly what is wrong."

Adèle replied coldly : " I love you less than I did—my feeling for you has changed. You don't realise how arrogant you have become. You seem no longer able to bear contradiction. My slightest comment irritates you, and many times a day you reprove me before others as if I were a girl, just as you did when we were engaged."

It was in the midst of this domestic upheaval that he met the fascinating young actress Juliette Drouet, who had been the mistress of the sculptor Pradier, borne him a daughter, and was now the

He denounced *Napoléon le petit* as a " robber and assassin," harangued people from a bus, incited soldiers in the street to revolt, and eventually had to flee to Brussels disguised as a workman



protégée of a wealthy Russian, Prince Demidoff. Quickly she consoled his wounded heart. On a carnival night when the streets were gay with revellers he went to her apartment on the Boulevard Saint-Denis and loved her as he had loved no woman, with a passion that was to bind them until death. Returning the next evening, he stayed with her twelve days. When he went to Les Roches he took rooms for her at Bièvre near by, and every day that summer they lived a pastoral idyll that was later to find expression in the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, roaming the woods together, loving like Daphnis and Chloe amid the enchantments of nature.

It was, undoubtedly, the love of their life for both. In the autumn he told her she must be his exclusively. The consciousness of her past lovers tortured him, even when she was giving herself wholeheartedly. She must promise never to communicate with them, avoid further debts, live simply, move into a smaller apartment, change her whole life. "You must know poverty," he said, "before your virtue can be restored." He would allow her 700 francs a month. She could copy his manuscripts. All this she agreed to do.

As for Madame Hugo, she had no choice but to accept the relationship. Had she not forfeited any right to protest? Hugo was a genius; he had a right to live as he wished; she had betrayed him with his friend.

All through the ensuing years the triangle relationship persisted—through the revolution of '48 when, a peer of France, he served on the National Assembly; through Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of '51 when he denounced *Napoléon le petit* as a "robber and assassin," harangued people from a bus, incited soldiers in the street to revolt,

and eventually had to flee to Brussels disguised as a workman, then find sanctuary with other exiles first at Jersey, finally at Guernsey, with Juliette

installed as "the second lady" within easy reach.

The storm over the letters was followed by another when the daughter Adèle overheard her brother Charles say to his father: "That horrible Sainte-Beuve claims that Adèle is his daughter! I'd like to break his neck!" She nearly fainted. She was unhappy at the neglect of her mother. Now she determined to get away from this gloomy home at all costs. She would marry an officer in the English garrison, Lieut. Pinson, with whom she had fallen neurotically in love, even though he had no such intention.

When he sailed for Plymouth, *en route* to Nova Scotia, she followed him aboard, clutching her savings. She contrived to join, too, the ship for America. Hugo was frantic when he found she had slipped away. His elder daughter, Léopoldine, had been drowned in the Seine estuary shortly after her marriage. Now Adèle. . . .

For months there was no news of her, then she was brought back from Barbados by a negro servant, her mind demented, a blank, so that pitifully she had to be cared for in a private asylum. Bitterly her mother reproached Hugo with having caused it all through their lonely life in exile, her humiliation over Juliette who had supplanted her. Hugo paced the Hauteville shore, brooding over the two tragedies. He saw a vessel foundered on a sunken rock of that rugged coast, recalled stories of the fishermen's lives told him by an old seaman, Farel. *The Toilers* took shape in his mind, and he found refuge from his domestic worries in renewed labour writing it.

That is the drama of the great French genius haunting Hauteville House this festive June of the Royal visit. . . .

Adèle was brought back from Barbados by a negro servant, her mind demented, a blank, so that pitifully she had to be cared for in a private asylum





Public Polls— *And What They Mean*

By Beverley Nichols

WHEN I was in America, one of the most unpopular men in the whole continent was Doctor Gallup. The reason was not far to seek; Americans felt that they had made fools of themselves over the presidential elections, not by electing the wrong man, but by proclaiming so constantly and so arrogantly that he could not possibly be elected. Every political prophet, every editorial seer, and—most important of all—every poll of public opinion had Mr. Truman well and truly defeated, not as a matter of speculation but as a matter of fact. There were no two ways of looking at it, and on Broadway, on election night, the odds on Dewey were twenty-five to one, with no takers.

All that is ancient history now, though an Englishman may perhaps be forgiven for recalling with a certain mild amusement, some of the more picturesque details of this historic gaffe. Among these may be mentioned the predicament of our arch-enemy, the owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, Colonel McCormick, who has spent the greater and obviously the most enjoyable portion of his life in concocting unsavoury lies about the British Empire. This person, who is accustomed to being obeyed, was so convinced of Mr. Dewey's election that he could not even wait to hear the results, but ordered his editors to print it several hours in advance, so that on the following morning the whole of the Middle West was flooded with copies of the *Tribune*, with the flaring headline: "Dewey Elected." Compared with much of the matter which finds its way into the colonel's newspaper, this statement was a very minor error.

When a man feels that he has been made to look a fool his first thought is to search for a scapegoat, and in this case there was such an animal ready to hand, plucked and anointed for the slaughter. A sea of fingers pointed accusingly at Dr. Gallup, and there was such a hissing and booing as had seldom been heard in the land. It was all (Continued on page 65)



HATE

A Story Of The Antarctic

By Frank Walford

THE inseparables were seated in a cosy corner of the smokeroom, yarning. Simpson, the famous surgeon was holding the floor. It generally ended that way, following provocative remarks from little Johnstone and emphatic remarks from young Mullins. On this occasion the ball had been set rolling by the latter.

"Love," he said with the didacticism of youth, "is the strongest emotion in the human breast."

Johnstone shook his head. "I should say fear," he commented thoughtfully. "There is nothing stronger than fear, and nothing more universal. What do you think, Simpson?"

"I was just wondering," Simpson answered slowly, "whether hate might not be stronger than either. Fear can be overcome. In fact, what we term courage is merely the mastering of fear,

Illustrations by S. Tresilian



when one reduces it to its fundamentals. But hate . . . !” He left the sentence unfinished.

Mullins lifted his brows. “Hate!” he exclaimed. “What hate possesses the force of love—mother love, for example?”

“I’m a bit with Simpson,” Johnstone interposed. “Many men go to the gallows for hate; but damn’ few of ‘em ever get there for love.”

“I admit hate is a tremendous passion,” Mullins conceded. “But think of the sacrifices a mother will make for her offspring. You talk of going to the gallows. Why, five mothers out of ten would cheerfully give their lives to save their children.”

“If they could spare the time from the bridge tables,” Simpson criticized with a laugh.

Mullins ignored the interruption. “A passion which inspires personal sacrifices and—er—self-abnegation,” he proceeded, “of necessity is greater than a passion which merely expresses malice.”

He sat back with a satisfied smile. Words always intrigued him, and he was a little proud of this contribution to the discussion.

“Think so?” Simpson asked quietly.

FOR three days Evans stumbled onwards with his human burden, pausing at intervals to rest his tired limbs and regain his spent breath

He looked around the room and jerked his head at a thin man with a clipped beard who was stretched on a lounge, reading.

“That,” he said, lowering his voice, “is Sir Henry Wilson, the Antarctic explorer.”

“Which is stale news,” Mullins criticized, “seeing he has been a member of the club for nearly two years.”

Simpson nodded good-humouredly, and said: “I’d like to hear his private opinion of the potency of hate.”

“Is there a story in it?” Johnstone demanded eagerly. He delighted in tempting Simpson into reminiscence.

“At least there’s a sermon in it,” Simpson answered, “a sermon on hate.”

“Let us have it then,” Johnstone said, settling himself comfortably in his chair.

Simpson took his glasses between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand and tapped them thoughtfully on the palm of the other hand. It was his characteristic habit when deciding the

proper technique for an operation.

“I suppose you remember Sir Henry’s last trip to the Antarctic, when he struck through from the ice barrier with a dogsledge and two companions, and returned on the back of one of them, a physical and nervous wreck?”

“I remember something about it,” Johnstone said cautiously.

“And I remember all about it,” Mullins declared. “A regular epic of fortitude and devotion on the part of the man who brought him in.”

“That,” Simpson criticized, tapping his palm with his glasses, “was the newspaper angle—the hopelessly wrong newspaper angle. There was no devotion in the act; there was only bitter, malicious, relentless hatred.”

“Queer sort of hatred,” Mullins commented sarcastically, “carting a man over the ice on one’s back for a week!”

“Very queer,” Simpson agreed. “Nevertheless it was hatred and nothing else; a hatred whose depth transcended all the love and fear it has been my lot to encounter.”

“What was the truth of it?” Johnstone asked with a warning frown at Mullins.

For several (Continued on page 68)



Is There A Great Sea Serpent?

By Frank W. Lane

THE S.S. *Umfuli*, outward bound from London, was steaming off the west coast of Africa at a steady ten and a half knots. The sea was calm as a mill-pond, and visibility was excellent. It was about half past five in the afternoon, and the sun was shining.

Suddenly, about a quarter of a mile away on the starboard beam, a huge head and serpentine neck broke the calm surface of the sea. Head and neck reared some fifteen feet above the surface, and as the creature rushed through the sea it threw up white water like the bows of a ship.

The ship's mate, looking through his sea glasses, distinctly saw the creature's mouth open and shut. He estimated that its jaw was seven feet long and was armed with large teeth. Its total length he estimated as "about eighty feet" and he added in the ship's log that it had "slimy skin and short fins at about twenty feet apart on the back and in circumference about the same dimension of a full-sized whale."

Captain R. J. Cringle, who was in command, turned the ship round in an endeavour to make closer observations. He got nearer to the creature, which was still travelling fast, but then, after steaming for twenty minutes at fourteen knots (sixteen miles an hour), he could not catch it up. Altogether the creature was in sight for about half an hour.

What was seen by the watchers on board the *Umfuli* on that afternoon in December, 1893, could be paralleled more or less by the experiences of many other seamen and ships' passengers. Altogether there are on record over two hundred accounts of encounters with mysterious serpentine creatures of the seas. These references range from the first century B.C. to the present day, and include accounts from Europe, America, Africa and Asia.

The details of the experiences recounted differ considerably, as is hardly surprising, but to the unprejudiced investigator there is, I believe, ample evidence to prove that there (Continued on page 66)



The Last Word

*Ernie Left Prison Determined To
Revenge Himself On His Partner In
Crime—But Fate Forestalled Him*

By Chauncey Shilling



AFTER fifty yards Ernie Smith turned round. He looked back at the arched gateway and it seemed to suck at him like the pouting mouth of some great omnivorous fish. Beyond towered the brooding buildings, the vast belly of the fish, swelling with the corrosive scum it had swallowed. Ernie had been drawn down that gullet once, or rather pushed down it, from behind, by Bernard. That was years ago, a whole decade in fact. And every waking minute of all that eternity Ernie had waited for this moment. Full remission had not been difficult and now—here he was, outside. He had always imagined the glory and triumph that would spotlight this moment, while he lingered outside, free to go where he pleased, to do and say as he liked. He had always felt that it would be warm and positive, consumingly joyful, when he stepped outside and stood between captivity and freedom. Yet now the time was here Ernie only shuddered and was afraid. An absurd panic iced through him at the thought that they might, on some pretext or other, take him inside again. Ernie shrugged, turned his white face about and moved quickly away without another backward look.

Nine hours later he was tapping at the front door of his Bloomsbury flat. His mother answered the door. She was incredibly aged, incredibly glad to see him. She clung to Ernie, holding him there in the doorway, while her too-long restrained grief gradually pressed its way through.

"Ernie," she managed to say at last.

Ernie shut the door with one hand, his other arm about her shoulder, holding her tightly. Slowly they went to the couch in the window and sat down.

"I'll make you some tea, get you something to eat," said the old lady after a long long time.

The mechanical commonplace activity loosened their talk, lulled their nostalgia.

"Isn't it wonderful to be free?"

Ernie hugged her, then went to the window and gazed out, fascinated.

"Wonderful, mother, wonderful."

"Now you will be able to start again—build a new life."

The old lady made a statement but her son interpreted the question behind it.

"When I have put things straight," he said, his glance still on the thronged pavements below, his voice suddenly still and quiet and disturbingly even.

Mrs. Smith put down two side plates and the clatter they made had grown meaningless. She did not look at her son.

"The spring is here," she told him. "Soon it will be very green, Ernie."

"You did as I asked, mother?" he questioned and when he looked at her now even his face had changed, was devoid of the affection which had been there a minute before. In a flash he was no longer with her, no longer her only son back home again, saying and doing the familiar things, routing the loneliness and emptiness. Those few words, which she had dreaded saying but been forced by that terrible doubt, had thrown a switch. Her son was no longer here, wrapped in this warm moment; he had slipped, too horribly quickly, beyond, into a cold unfamiliar eternity of ravelled revenge.

"Forget him, Ernie, please."

"Forget him! How could I? How could anyone?"

"You've your freedom. We've enough money to live comfortably on. I beg you to forget it. There will only be more trouble. You've paid a heavy price but now you've your freedom. Take it and use it, Ernest."

He did not answer. A heavy silence fell on the room. When he started to speak his words were thick and close together.

"I agree," he said. "Freedom's wonderful. I can smell it and feel it and taste it. I've got it, right now, as much of it as I want and God

HIS mother was incredibly aged, incredibly glad to see him. She clung to Ernie, holding him there in the doorway, while her too-long restrained grief gradually pressed its way through

knows I've been wanting it long enough. I've got it and I'm going to keep it, mother—but the account's going to be settled all the same."

"Oh, if only you'd never known him," the old lady cried. "You were as straight as a die before you

knew him. Bernard was always too clever for you, Ernie, and he will be this time. He's got the crook's mind. It's something you don't understand, you never will. Oh be sensible, Ernie, be sensible."

"He was too clever," Ernie said, in that deadly way that frightened her. "I've had ten years to think about that. This time I shall be the clever one. I've rotted ten years for the swine, while he enjoyed the money—and Madeline. Now Bernard's going to have an accident—a most artistic one—and I'm going to have the money and Madeline."

"Madeline!" the old lady dropped the word out like something contaminating. "She married him, didn't she?"

"I won't have a word against her!" he thundered, a more natural anger breaking through his cold unslaked hate. "Not a word! She's sweet and gentle. God, how I've dreamed about her!"

"She married Bernard, although she was your girl, didn't she?" insisted his mother desperately.

"He talked her into it. I don't blame her, not in the least. Besides, what girl could have waited? He could talk the Archangel into a seat in Hades, couldn't he? That tongue of his! He's always had the last word. But not this time. No, not this time."

"Ernest, a very wise man said that a man who studies revenge keeps his own wounds green."

"Mother," he said, and his voice was tender again, "just you leave the matter to me. Forget it, will you? You did do as I asked and get the address, didn't you?"

She nodded and sat down brokenly.

"It's in your desk."

Her eyes followed his little figure as it crossed to the desk. He opened it and took out the paper, read it carefully, put it away in his wallet and then turned to her with his old sweet smile.

"Forget it," he said, taking her in his arms. "Now, come along, what are we going to do about this meal?"

ERNIE SMITH checked carefully to make sure that it was the fifth floor, then swung from the fall pipe and landed pad-footed on the balcony. His heart thudded in his ears, partly because Ernie Smith had not scaled anything since gymnasium days at school and partly because he knew that at last he was near Bernard. He pressed himself flat against the wall, beside the uncurtained window and felt for his automatic. Then he half inched one eye into the stream of light and looked into the room. His hand tightened on the cold butt.

Big Bernard's back was towards him, swelling and muscular as the flank of a bull. He was seated, playing patience. Ernie smiled with grim wryness. That was the game he had been playing. His eyes switched to Madeline. She was reading a novel and smoking, her face turned from him. He knew her, of course, by her hair—it shone and rippled as gold as ever. He longed to run his spread fingers through it as he used to do. He looked once more at the massive shoulders and longed to pump lead into them from where he stood, without thought, but he knew he wouldn't. This was to be a sweet, sweet moment. One of calculation and fulfilment. His moment.

It was all worked out. Simple, yet effective. Ernie would slip through the french window, cover Bernard with the gun, order him out on to the balcony, on the pretext of a talk. Bernard would be quiet enough, he had always been tongue-tied at the possibility of death. Then, under cover of some conciliatory talk, one quick push and a forty-five foot drop. An unfortunate accident. Ernie would disappear, upwards and along the roofs, and reappear later—in Madeline's life. It was beautiful, final and fulfilling. It was just. It was revenge. Above all it was clever, cleverer than anything the unsuspecting Bernard would be able to cope with.

Ernie slid cautiously out of the beam from the window and tested the balcony rail with a gloved hand. Good. It was flimsy enough. A well-tripped Bernard would smash through it like so much cotton. Ernie checked over his escape route then turned his attention to the room again.

Something tightened inside him. He saw Madeline walk through the door, saw the light in the far window go up and knew that she was retiring and that the time was near. She drew her curtains by a side cord and he was disappointed at the sight of her full face. He shrugged, he need only be patient a little longer.

Soon Madeline's light went out. Ernie gave her half an hour then he set to work on the window fastening. Bernard had the radio on. There was an even chance he wouldn't hear. If he did, he was covered in any case.

He didn't hear. Ernie stepped on to the deep pile rug and had a feeling that he was living a dream. He pulled the window to behind him and snapped the radio off. Big

Bernard swung his head round and looked straight down the bore of Ernie's gun.

"Good evening," Ernie said, his eyes lighting. He noted every detail of Bernard's face. Hungrily he took stock of the features he had hated so long.

"It's nice to see you, Bernard," Ernie added, and his voice was taut and even, the way it had been back home when Bernard had been mentioned.

Bernard did not answer, just watched Ernie, his eyes shifting from his gun to his face.

"Nothing to say, eh, Bernard?" Ernie commented, keeping the automatic steadily sighted for Bernard's immense, pendulous head. "Well, it's immaterial. I'm doing the talking this time,



but I'm doing it to your face—not behind your back. I'll talk out on the balcony. Get out there quietly and quickly." He waved the automatic threateningly.

"You blasted halfwit," Bernard said slowly and witheringly, without moving an eyelid. He qualified his remark obscenely.

Ernie jumped. There was something out of character here, his senses warned him. Bernard had always been terrified of a gun, of death in any shape. It was puzzling.

"Shut that cesspool and get out there," Ernie ordered, taking a step nearer.

"Put that trinket down, you're too yellow to use it," Bernard stated calmly. The great face twisted into deep sneering lines. Bawdy insults chased each other from the loose mouth. Calmly Bernard refilled his glass of port and sipped, with a contemptuous smack of his purple lips. Ernie was puzzled. Something had changed in the great ape. He seemed to have no fear at all of the gun.

"Get out there," Ernie repeated anxiously, raising his voice for emphasis.

"Get out yourself," Bernard growled back. "You make me tired. Go on, take your water pistol and chase yourself."

Ernie coloured and opened his mouth to reply, but before he spoke a voice stopped him.

"You talking to yourself again? How often do I have to tell you? As though you're not enough trouble one way and another, waking me up at night. You're too drunk to go to bed, I suppose. I'm sick and tired, sick and tired of—"

The voice tailed off irritably. It had rasped its way like a bowsaw, through the door on the right, Madeline's door. Madeline's door—! Ernie was puzzled for the second time. That couldn't have been Madeline speaking? He got his answer when the door flew open suddenly and she stood there, fury on her face.

For a minute there was silence, while the clock ticks grew louder and louder and Madeline stared at Ernie incredulously, the fury frozen round her eyes and mouth, then Bernard chuckled thickly.

"You two remember each other, I hope," he said suavely. "May I introduce you, in case you don't, Mr. Convict, Mrs. Shrew."

Ernie winced at the crude truth of the remark. He watched the fury thaw from her face but it was replaced, not by the old prettiness and serenity, only by a lined and habitual irascibility.

"Ernie," she said haltingly.

"Madeline."

He repeated her name. He couldn't think of a thing to say, all the warm, forgiving, optimistic things he had so often rehearsed were stricken from his tongue. He was shocked.

"Touching. You two should be on the films," Bernard mocked.

A red anger swirled up through Ernie.

"You bloated swine." He turned on Bernard, his hands working. "This is where you grin the other side of your face. This is where I kill you, where I take over. I'm having the last word this time, Bernard. You've always had it so far but you've had it for the last time. You've always had everything," Ernie swept the luxurious room with his gun, "but now it's going to be my turn to live in the lap of luxury. You could say we're changing places, only yours is going to be a rather longer sentence than mine was, Bernard. You can't complain, can you, you swine? You've had your share, you've left your mark."

Ernie paused for breath.

Bernard, plethoric as a great bladder of wine, laughed sardonically.

"So I've had a wonderful time, eh?" he said. "Tell him, Madeline."

"He's been paralyzed eight years now," Madeline said flatly, not taking her eyes off Ernie.

Ernie remembered that Bernard had only moved his head and hands the whole time. Paralysis. That explained the immobility, the lack of gun fear. Rough justice. He strode over and looked down at Bernard without pity.

"Ernie," Madeline screamed hoarsely, "his arms are all right—"

Ernie jumped back too late. As he raised his gun hand one of Bernard's ham fists closed round it, while the other clutched and spun his shoulder, twisting him. He sprawled on his back across the wheel chair, across the hard bulk of Bernard, his throat compressed by a left arm of solid teak. Things went black (Continued on page 52)

THE door flew open suddenly and Madeline stood there, fury on her face. She stared at Ernie incredulously





Quiet In Mayfair

A Charming And Peaceful Flat

Described by

Lena Ramsden

EVERYONE knows that there are quiet spots in Mayfair, and one of the most charming and peaceful of them is a flat which has its front door opening on to a busy street:

Having rung the bell, the visitor to this flat waits while a lift is brought down from the top floor, and passing cars swirl round the corner of a square, wearing out their squealing tyres on the smooth tarmac.

The door opens, the hall inside is gloomy, the noise of hurrying traffic recedes and, the lift having reached its topmost limit, there is another, smaller front door, inside which is a narrow, well-lit, thickly-carpeted staircase. Once this inner door is closed, the enchantments of the flat begin to be discovered.

First there is an alcove, containing some beautiful Derby and Chelsea china figures, and to the right of this hangs a Picasso—"The absinthe drinkers"—inscribed in the artist's handwriting: "A Guillaume Appolinaire, avec beaucoup de sympathie. Picasso. 24 Mars 1905."

The wallpaper on the staircase, and in the passage to which it leads is green hop pattern on a white ground, and the passage is hung with Augustus John drawings of the Galway period.

The sitting-room, which was originally three attic bedrooms, is papered in a copy of a Toile de Jouy wallpaper from Fontainebleau, in lilac and two shades of green; the wall facing the door has a slightly inward cant, and the three windows are curtained in candy striped material, with a two-toned, lopped green fringe; outside is a stone parapet, which sets the windows back from the line of the street, and this, combined with the height of the building, excludes all sounds from below.

The sitting-room carpet is pale cream, with two beautiful Aubusson rugs let in to it: the two arm-chairs and sofa are upholstered in plain green, and the rest of the chairs are Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

The most beautiful piece of furniture in the sitting-room is a huge kneehole desk, with drawers on both sides; and one of the most beautiful objects on the desk is a George the Third inkstand, which bears the London hall mark, 1769; it is composed of an ebony stand, with a drawer on one side; the top is mounted with corded silver borders, and fitted with three





1. THE STAIRCASE—The china figures on the shelves are Derby and Chelsea
2. THE SITTING-ROOM—The Georgian mirror over the fireplace is flanked by Adam candle brackets.
3. THE SITTING-ROOM—The paintings are by Hogarth, Sickert and Vuillard, and the bronze head in front of the bookshelf is an Epstein
4. THE PASSAGE—Showing the hop pattern wallpaper: green on a white ground
5. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SITTING-ROOM—This was originally three bedrooms
6. THE DINING-ROOM—The leather banquette surrounds a glass table
7. THE GLASS-FRONTED KITCHEN CUPBOARD—The French casseroles are decorated with designs of birds' and animals' heads
8. THE PANELLED BEDROOM — The upholstery is striped ticking
9. THE TOP FLOOR BEDROOM—The pink and white wallpaper is a charming background for the glass pictures and flowered curtains

Photographed specially for "Britannia & Eve" by Humphrey and Vera Joel



cut glass ink vases with silver tops, a silver table bell and a silver candle holder.

Hanging over the mantelpiece is a Georgian mirror, flanked by two Adam candle brackets, holding green candles, coloured to match the wallpaper; and at each end of the room there are recessed bookshelves, two of which conceal built-in cupboards. Two eighteenth-

century Spanish mirrors hang between the windows, and on the opposite wall are paintings by Hogarth, Sickert and Vuillard. The television set is topped by an Epstein bronze—the gay head of a guttersnipe little boy.

Across the landing from the sitting-room is a panelled bedroom, with a bathroom leading out of it. All the doors

are decorated with flowered Victorian finger plates, handles and escutcheons, and, on the landing, to the left of the sitting-room door, there is another bronze head by Epstein.

A short flight of stairs leads to a second bedroom, the walls and cupboards of which are papered in pink and white stripes; one (Continued on page 65)

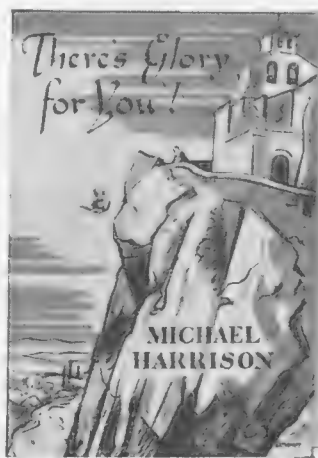
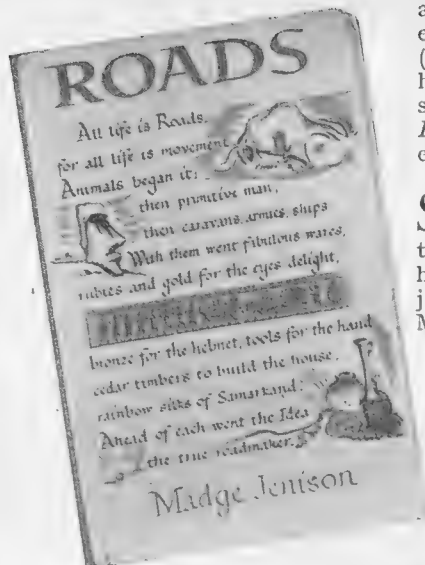
Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

WHAT romance there is in roads—the 50,000 miles of Roman network, the roads built for the trafficking of gold and precious stones and spices, the “Golden Road to Samarkand”! Madge Jenison paints their history in “Roads” (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) with staccato, dithyrambic word-pictures that have the colour of Brangwyn oils and are even at times drunken with beauty. Her book, she says, is about “the cosmic plan, water, the creatures, fear, the Babylonians, pearls and technology, the camel, Julius Caesar’s brand of democracy, the Godhead, the present. And roads” which indicate the vast range of her lore.

THE *County Books* (Hale, 15s. each) with their well-written text and exemplary photographs are now established for a long run. Kenneth Hare’s “Gloucestershire” and Brian Vesey-FitzGerald’s “Hampshire and the Isle of Wight” add to the prestige of this distinctive series.

SARAH BERNHARDT was not only a great actress in the theatre but in life; her genius overflowed into rare eccentricity. Travelling, she would cram her car with bedroom impedimenta, including a silver wash hand basin which was piled at night on a trunk and chair behind her door. “If anyone touches my door,” she explained, “the basin falls down and acts as an alarm.” Hearing a din one early morning in Geneva, her granddaughter rushed in, to find Sarah sitting up in bed pointing a service revolver. . . . Lysiane



antidotal to our own hard-boiled age. In editing “The Stories of Ernest Dowson” (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.) Dr. Mark Longaker, his biographer, indicates autobiographical sources, notably in *The Dying of Francis Donne*, which premonished his own tragic end.

SISTERS have sometimes been obsessed in literary brothers of exceptional talent. Eugenie de Guérin, immersed in her Languedoc manor, kept a confidential journal of her communings with the absent Maurice, both before and after his early



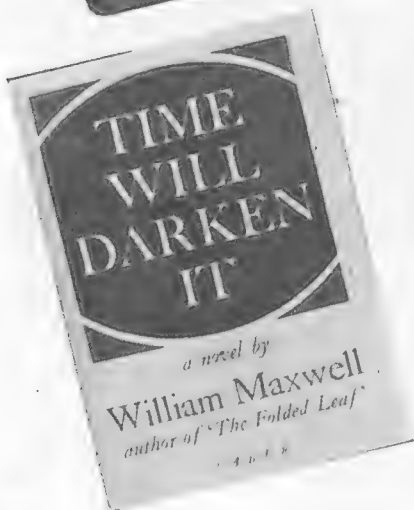
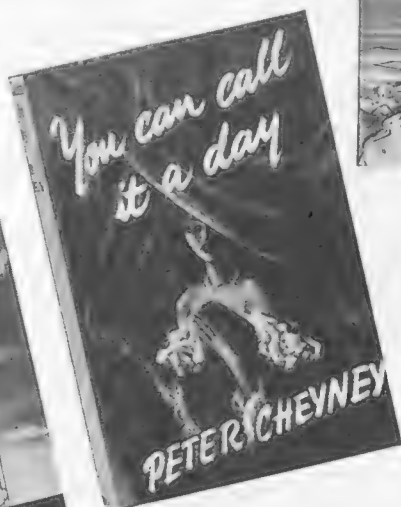
death. In “The Idol and the Shrine” (Hollis & Carter, 15s.) Naomi Royde Smith translates extracts from it, with an introductory memoir of the brother: a sensitive, psychological work comparable with studies of the Wordsworths.

Bernhardt’s “Sarah Bernhardt, My Grandmother” translated by Vyvyan Holland (Hurst & Blackett, 21s.) is rich in intimate stories of her stage and private life which vividly supplement her own Memoirs.

ERNEST DOWSON, who adorned the Nineties with his “I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion” poem, was prouder of his stories, mostly delicate studies of sentiment with a contemplative beauty

IN the past war Major Jasper Maskelyne was no playboy; he adapted his magic to foxing the enemy with dummy tanks, guns, men, sheep, battleships, submarines, barrages, naval harbours. He faked targets to draw bombers, blinded their pilots with spinning mirrors on searchlights, camouflaged real tanks in tame lorries. “Magic—Top Secret” (Stanley Paul, 18s.) is a fascinating account of his ingenious trick work launched from a Cairo H.Q. which had the laugh on an adversary who began by laughing at him.

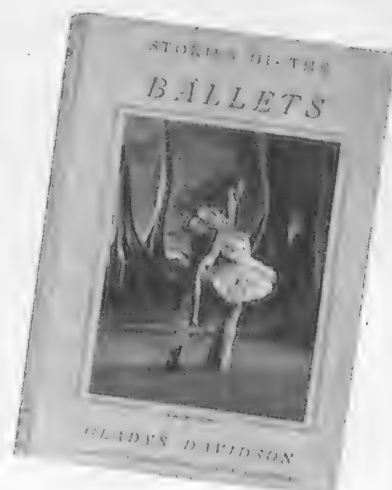
IAM staggered at the cults—physical, sartorial, cosmetic, dietetic—required to produce the (Continued on page 60)

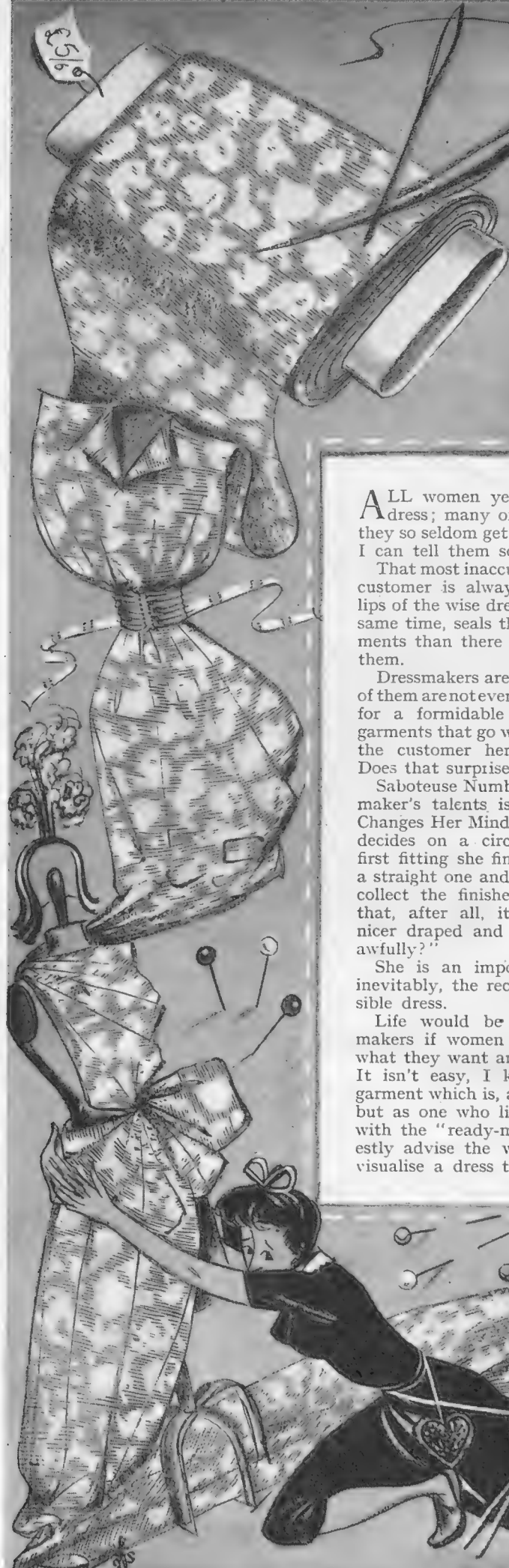


ART AND BALLET

BALLETOMANES can now spend much time reading up the art as well as seeing it. Gladys Davidson’s “Stories of the Ballets” (Laurie, 15s.) covers the whole repertoire, with production notes. Peter Noble’s “British Ballet” (Skelton Robinson, 21s.) reviews all outstanding productions, 1939-48, with articles by experts, a Who’s Who, and over 90 illustrations.

Two beautifully produced art books (Max Parrish, 10s. 6d. each) are H. Ruhemann’s “Artist and Craftsman” illustrating contrasts in colour and monochrome, and Hans Tietze’s “Genuine and False” showing copies, imitations and forgeries side-by-side with originals, plus a textual survey of some notorious deceptions.





Dressmaker's Lament

ALL women yearn for the perfect dress; many of them wonder why they so seldom get it. As a dressmaker I can tell them some of the reasons.

That most inaccurate of slogans "the customer is always right," seals the lips of the wise dressmaker and, at the same time, seals the fate of more garments than there are women to wear them.

Dressmakers are not infallible; some of them are not even good; nevertheless, for a formidable percentage of the garments that go wrong in the making, the customer herself is responsible. Does that surprise you?

Saboteuse Number One of the dressmaker's talents is the Woman Who Changes Her Mind. For instance: she decides on a circular skirt: at the first fitting she finds that she prefers a straight one and when she comes to collect the finished dress she thinks that, after all, it would have been nicer draped and "Would you mind awfully?"

She is an impossible person and, inevitably, the recipient of an impossible dress.

Life would be heaven for dressmakers if women would only decide what they want and *go on wanting it*. It isn't easy, I know, to picture a garment which is, as yet, only an idea, but as one who lives by competition with the "ready-made" I most earnestly advise the woman who cannot visualise a dress to take pity on the

dressmakers and to buy at a shop.

If you want the best responses from your dressmaker don't ask the impossible. I have, believe it or not, been asked to make a pair of slacks out of a beach dress!

Don't ask her either, to do something for which she is not really qualified. If you want gossamer underclothes calling for intricate handwork, go to a specialist, not to a busy dressmaker. If you want tailored suits and coats, let a tailor handle it.

When you choose material in the shop, I beseech you, ring up your dressmaker about yardage before you buy it. Don't go to her with an inadequate length and beg her to "manage somehow." Dressmakers are not sorcerers.

If you find it necessary to buy new corsets and brassiere do so *before* you order a new dress. I am as pained as they are when my clients come back to me, long faced, bearing the offending garment fitted before buying new corsets.

The woman who comes back with imaginary complaints, suggesting impossible alterations is only a degree more maddening than the one who complains everywhere but at the dressmaker's.

Finally, though genuine criticism may spur us to better efforts, sincere praise, when it is due, will do even more. It would surprise you how many women forget to say "thank you" for a job well done.

S. B.

On making "Snap" Decisions



Snap your victims unawares — their poses will be more natural. Even a "Snap" needs a good composition — wait your moment and choose a camera angle carefully.



Place the main Subject not in the Centre but one third of the way into the picture — the result will gain in animation and composition.

Joan Craven, a professional photographer, here tells you in simple terms how to avoid the holiday "snap which didn't come out"

THE art of photography may be a closed book to you but the holiday "snap" is fascinating to amateur and expert alike and without filling your head with difficult technical information you can easily master the elementary facts which will make a holiday snapshot album a worth-while souvenir.

For the amateur the best results are often obtained with the simplest type of camera. An assortment of intricate gadgets requires a corresponding knowledge to operate them so, for the beginner, the more fool-proof the camera, the better the result.

If you have a box or folding model without any "aperture" or "f" numbers marked round the lens, and the shutter merely clicks up or down without variation in the time exposure, you have a "snapshot" camera which means that the focus is fixed and any subject nearer than about ten feet will be blurred. It is important to remember this.

If you have a focusing camera, there is generally a scale (either round the front of the lens or on the baseboard) marked off in feet, 3 ft., 6 ft., 9 ft., 12 ft., 15 ft. and infinity (sometimes marked ∞). These figures represent the distance between you and the subject. An easy way is to measure the length of your shoes and step out the distance between camera and subject.

You can cover a wide range of outdoor pictures with a snapshot camera, but *not* moving objects.

Avoid a too fierce sunlight. At the sea the light is often strong enough without sunshine. Outdoor portraits are prime favourites with all amateurs. If the light is too fierce and makes heavy shadows on the face, wait till the sun changes its position, or a light cloud diffuses it. Always let the background be subordinate to the sitter, who should be as far



Don't Snap a Street
"head on" from the Crown
of the road — take an
oblique shot and in-
troduce some interest
into the foreground as
in the example below.



Don't try distance views
with a Snapshot Camera
in England — buy a postcard!
In the clearer atmosphere
abroad you can chance
a scene like this

away from it as possible, and you don't need me to tell you that "action" pictures are better souvenirs than serried ranks of frowning friends with the sun in their eyes. The best background is often the sky, and by putting your camera almost on the ground and tilting it up a little you can eliminate a lot of distracting detail. Alternatively you can take a snap like our picture of the girl on the beach by standing on top of a sand-hill or promenade and tilting your camera down.

Six important things to remember: Check your focusing; check lens aperture and shutter speed to be sure of correct exposure if you are not using a "fixed" focus; construct the picture in the viewfinder before you "snap"; hold the camera *straight and steady*; squeeze the shutter release gently; make sure you have wound on the film after the last shot.

If your pictures are still faulty, it may be for any one of the following reasons:

A thin negative is under-exposed. If the negative is dense and opaque the reverse is the case. Blurring means that the camera has moved or the subject was moving too quickly. If negatives overlap you have not centred the film numbers in the red window when winding the film.



PANTS

Begin at front side seam. With prune wool, cast on 69 sts. Working in st. st. shape on the following rows:

3rd row.—K. to last st., inc. 1. 4th row.—P. to last 46, turn. (Gap caused by turning can be filled on next row by picking up a st. from the gap and knitting together with next st.) 7th row—as 3rd row. 10th row.—p. to last 23, turn. 11th row—as 3rd row. 14th row—as 10th row. 15th row—as 3rd row. 19th row—as 3rd row. 20th row—as 4th row. 23rd row—as 3rd row. 24th row.—P. Repeat these 24 rows three times, in alternate colours. Next 24 rows (in prune). As for first 24 rows, but omitting inc. at end of rows.

Then repeat rows 1-24 four times in alternate colours, but dec. 1 st. instead of inc. 1 st. at end of each 3rd, 7th, 11th, 15th, 19th and 23rd rows (69 sts.). At end of 9th stripe (prune) the front is complete.

Continue back as for front, starting with a white stripe instead of prune, at the same time shaping waist as follows:

At the beginning of 9th, 17th and 23rd rows in each of the first four stripes, inc. 1 st. Then at beginning of 9th, 17th and 23rd rows of last four stripes, dec. 1 st.

On last row cast off 47, p. to end. Join prune, k. 1 row on rem. 22 sts. Rib 5 rows, and cast off (this forms side opening underflap).

WAISTBAND

With prune, cast on 20 sts., work 24 in. in k. 1, p. 1, rib, then make two buttonholes thus: rib 3, cast off 4, rib to last 7, cast off 4, rib 3.

Next row, rib 3, cast on 4, rib, to last 7, cast on 4, rib 3. Work 2 rows rib.

Next row, k. 2 tog., rib 6, k. 2 tog. twice, rib 6, k. 2 tog., turn.

Working on last 8, dec. at both ends of every row until none rem. Join wool to rem. 8, work to match.

LEG BANDS

With prune, cast on 10 and rib a strip which slightly stretched will go round leg edge. Cast off, and work second to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press with hot iron and damp cloth. Sew seam, secure lower edge of underflap and sew on press studs. Sew on waistband and leg strips. Sew on buttons. (Contd. on page 62)

The Swim Suit



THE BACK.—Cast on 120 sts. No. 11 needles. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 6 rows. Now continue in the following pattern: 1st and 2nd rows.—*P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end. 3rd and 4th rows.—*K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end. Continue in pattern until 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.—Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS.—Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for the back of neck.

RIGHT FRONT.—Cast on 68 sts. with No. 11 needles and work 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. (Continued on page 62)

The Jacket



MATERIALS FOR THE JACKET
6 ozs. George Lee's "Campanula" 3-ply wool; 1 pair each of No. 11 and No. 12 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS FOR THE JACKET:
Shoulder to lower edge, 20½ ins.; across back underarms, 17 ins.; across front underarms, 8 ins. TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

MATERIALS FOR THE SWIM SUIT

2 ozs. Copley's "Excelsior" 3-ply in prune, 1 oz. in white; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS FOR THE SWIM SUIT: The pants—hips, 36 to 38 ins., side length 10 ins. The bra—32 to 34-in. bust; greatest depth, 7½ ins. TENSION: 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

Wedding In June



Pretty and inexpensive trousseau hats at prices below thirty shillings.

For an informal bride, Julian Rose's white or champagne-coloured broderie Anglaise ; and for "going away," Susan Small's suit in gun-metal-grosgrain, figured with black. Details of where these clothes can be bought in London will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope to "Britannia and Eve," Women's Department, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

By Winifred Lewis.

Paradise for



THIS is not a treatise on marriage, but a reminder that harmony for two stems from a number of things, some as seemingly irrelevant as tables and chairs.

The axiom that the home is woman's sphere is sound enough, but in marriage the truth emerges that two have to live in it and that the complaint known as "incompatibility" may well begin with curtains.

The problem of assembling a home which is to be paradise for two is complicated by the fact that the male half of the partnership is frequently inarticulate on the subject. Having obligingly given you *carte blanche* to "please yourself," he may well discover emphatic preferences when it is too late.

So what to do? For once, what *not* to do is more to the point.

First rules are not to embower him in frills and furbelows, nor to sacrifice entirely your own tastes to leather and sombre hues. This is not a bachelor apartment but a home for two, though with an indelible feminine mark upon it, in which a man can look and feel as if he has equal rights.

Curb the inclination, if you have it, to go all out for delicate pastels and a smother of chintz. This warning applies with special emphasis to your bedroom. The average man is only temporarily beguiled by such a setting if he has to share it and, in any event, is apt to look as out of place as he feels there.

If you favour frou-frou furnishings, follow your bent, but curb it at the point where a man with a feeling for spaces is smothered. Background colours and interesting harmonies give full scope for feminine imagination. A furnishing scheme can be substantial and reassuring to the masculine taste without being heavy or drab.

Give him room to move and a fair allocation of space for his personal possessions (that quarrel about the wardrobe should never arise).

Compromise is a precious smoother of the human path to happiness, and furnishing schemes lend themselves amiably enough to a union of tastes if they are carefully planned.

ray tooby



A corner dressing-table, attractively feminine in character, built in below a window gives the woman occupant of this bedroom for two a corner of her own.

A dining-room and sitting-room in one, like the one below, has colour and character enough for the most exacting feminine taste with the essential simplicity and comfort to appeal to the man of the house.



A bedroom, above, which makes the fullest uses of colour and graceful furnishing, yet is restrained enough in treatment to meet the tastes of both occupants.

Below : Few homes boast sufficient space to allow a husband a dressing-room to himself, but a dressing-table or wardrobe of his own affords a sense of privacy and orderliness in a bedroom which is shared.





In Search of Glamour...

SOMEONE has sent me the latest

American beauty book to be published over here. Packed into the 344 pages of information there is a section under the heading of "That Plus Quality," which is really another label for Advice on Etiquette. Snuggling next to this imposing volume on my sitting-room table I found a tiny little book on etiquette first published in 1834, and it was most amusing to compare the advice given mostly to men seeking self-improvement in 1834 with the advice given to women engaged on the same mission in 1949. I may say that there is a great deal of advice given to Victorian society which still holds good to-day, and one point is the very simple business of introducing people to each other. It was pointed out to Victorians that a man should always be introduced to a woman. He still should be. But even in these days people sometimes make the mistake of introducing the woman to the man.

SOME very sound advice was given to Victorian gentlemen about to enter marriage. It was stated that when a man married, it was understood that all former acquaintanceship should end unless he intimated a desire to renew it. The author wisely pointed out that a married man has his wife's taste to consult, and the friend of the husband may not be equally acceptable to the wife. I cannot help feeling that a great many divorces would be avoided in these days if this simple rule of etiquette were more often observed.

Among the "Don'ts" there is a gem of wisdom: "There are but few things display worse taste than the introduction of professional topics in general conversation, especially if there be ladies present. Men's minds must be miserably ill-stored who cannot find other subjects of conversation than their professions." In other words, don't talk shop.

AMERICAN hints on etiquette take the form of a quiz, such as, "Are you a necklace twister, lip-biter, shoulder-strap hiker, girdle-snatcher, nail polish-peeler, finger-nail chewer, or ring-twirler? Do you fix your hair at the dinner-table, in a restaurant or at a theatre?" You are advised not to comb out your hair or carry out extensive make-up repair in public. The over-solicitous hostess is dealt with. She is the woman who is too anxious about the temperature of the rooms, comfort of the chairs and the quality of her food. One similar piece of advice is to be found in both books. It comes

It will be many a long day before I get accustomed to the pleasure of coupon-free buying. Not that I have been tempted into an orgy of buying for the sake of buying. In fact, the mere knowledge that I can make a purchase without a coupon tends to make me think twice before spending my money; but it is fun to know that you can walk into a shop and buy a bargain when you see one. The other day I spent one delightfully happy morning selecting a charming Horrockses cotton house-coat of entrancing design and flattering silhouette for £5 odd, a sleek utility crêpe shirt for 25s. 7d. and a Dorville linen dress equally good for town or country wear for £6 0s. 3d.—about six months' coupons in all at the cost of £12 odd.

Jane Gordon

under the heading of "Tattling," and the Victorian is told that he can give his own opinion of people, but he is not at liberty to repeat the opinion of others. "Fancy the result of one lady saying to another, 'Well, Mary, what do you think of what Miss McCaw says of you? She says you have the thickest ankles and the thinnest arms of any girl in the county, with a figure like an alligator and a head like a bison.'" The American remarks that "Complaining, critical people are not very comfortable companions. Tearing others apart is a vulgar habit and very tiresome to people of refinement and good taste."

To my way of thinking the Etiquette Quiz should have included the Servant Problem and Health Symptoms. These are the two most boring subjects that you are almost bound to encounter when women are gathered together. The most attractive women in the world are those who appear to have no servant problems and no symptoms. World-famous film stars would lose their glamour if they talked about their health problems. Film stars and actresses know full well that the best of all beauty secrets is to act as if your health and beauty came naturally to you.

HERE are some beauty secrets worth knowing and well worth keeping to yourself. For 5s. you can get a packet of 15 "Scowlies." These are winged plasters which you wet and smooth over your forehead while you are resting to erase wrinkles. Combine an hour's reading with beauty treatment. Tuck your toes up on a sofa. Wear the "Scowlie," which will remind you not to frown and help you to a smooth forehead.

The best tip for figure control was given by a corsetiere to a client who was complaining that her stomach had begun to bulge. "If you don't mind my saying so, Madam, you are leaning on your stomach." A great many women lean on their stomachs when they are standing or sitting. Remember to sit up straight and stand up to your full height. If you lean on your stomach too much for too long it is bound to sag under the strain.



SANDALS are a summer must. These "Cat's Cradle" sandals are lightness itself on the feet and charming enough to offset any playsuit or summer cotton. Made of sandalhide, in white, natural, tan and red, price 41s. 9d.

An all-in-one shoe polish that can be used for any type and colour of leather shoe is just what is needed in these days of variegated footwear. White Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, which is once again back in the shops, can be relied on to restore the original freshness to coloured leather sandals which have been scuffed on the beach or in town. It will also deal equally as effectively with the patent leather cocktail shoe or a brown Oxford—those packing for holidays please note.



Seen in Passing

Valerie Burke's news from the shopping front. Further details of any item mentioned can be had by enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



A CHARMING straw hat turns a simple cotton frock into something dressy, if the hat is as becoming as the model illustrated above. This Webflex model is in hand-woven natural straw with a ribbon trimming in contrasting shade. Price about 56s. There are, however, many other inexpensive and equally becoming models in the range. One attractive picture-hat in coarse hand-plaited straw, available in pink, black, brown, Tuscan or blue, with trimming, is only 35s.

"WHAT can I give for a present?" is a problem that besets everyone at some time or other. There is a Gift Shop within a shop in London, which undertakes to choose acceptable gifts on your behalf. Should you have fixed ideas on the subject, they will undertake to find, buy, pack and dispatch the gift for you—a service that many women in the country will appreciate for saving them a journey to town.

A selection of the gifts from the shop have been photographed here. To HER, from a wide choice, a silk-lined, grey suede handbag, price £5 1s. Other lovely gifts for her include powder compacts from 1 guinea, and exquisitely-packed perfumes by Worth, Caron and Jean Desprez.

To HIM—always the most difficult of all—a corkscrew and bottle-opener stand, price £2 10s. 2d. If this does not appeal, the shop will suggest pewter tankards from 25s. and an expert's choice of men's scarves, slippers and men's dress accessories.

To THEM, a Thermos jug, for the hot drink last thing at night, for really hot second cups of coffee. The one photographed is large and costs £5, but there are other designs and other prices from 27s. 6d. in bakelite and £3 12s. in chromium.



Face Every summer up pops the question: How to tan becomingly and without risk of discomfort? To those who are looking for the answer, may I mention two preparations of special interest? First is a leg make-up, easy to use, costing 3s. 11d. a jar. It is indistinguishable from a natural tan and is easy to use. Its best point is that it is removable only with soap and water. Therefore, the sheets won't suffer.

A quick tan lotion for the face and body is a natural ally. This prevents blistering, peeling and redness. It costs 2s. 6d. a bottle.

An eye cosmetic, both bath and seaworthy, is worth noting. The cosmetic may be removed with the same maker's popular complexion milk. For those who keep their faces hidden from the sun, the new Crimson Lilac make-up is a beautiful answer. Nothing teams better with the summer's new pastels than this delicate colouring. Range includes Crimson Lilac lipstick, cream rouge, compact rouge, powder—and a Green Lilac eye sha-do. It is the colouring for all types . . .

Report On Beauty



Hands In these days, with hands smooth, a hand lotion is a necessity. After an acute shortage of good hand creams, there are a number of reliable makes to choose from, so pick your fancy.

A popular cream with a 70-year reputation behind it is a mixture of honey and almond, and costs 1s. 1½d. for a convenient-sized tube which can be slipped into a handbag.

If you suffer from damp hands—one must be frank about it—try Bouquet Hand Lotion, a brand-new product, which dispels moisture at once. A nice, fresh fragrance goes with it, too.

Use the night hours for feeding hands as well as face. After years of research, a world-famous firm has produced a hand treatment cream containing a natural substance for keeping the hands youthful. Its price is 6s. 3d. Their lotion costs the same, too.



Hair A Shampoo used in a famous Fifth Avenue Salon is now on sale over here for 2s. 6d. Or you can buy a complete Home Treatment box, called Hair Beauty Ritual, for 10s. The box contains four bottles, cream shampoo, cream rinse, dandruff treatment, and cream hair-dressing.

For two years one famous firm has been experimenting with a new type of perm. The result is something unheard-of before: a tight curl wherever required with smooth, even waves elsewhere. Because the hair can be waved near the scalp, it is ideal for short cuts and springy curls. Another new preparation brings a shampoo and a dandruff treatment into one bottle. The shampoo is applied to the dry hair and massaged into the roots. After a short interval for absorption the hair is wetted and washed in the normal way.

Breaking Nails

THE fundamental cause of the nail troubles from which so many of us are suffering is due to some diet deficiency. The two essentials for keeping nails in good health are vitamin B₂ and calcium. The best sources of vitamin B₂ are milk, cheese, eggs, butter, lean meat, green vegetables and fruit. The diet must be well balanced with other vitamins, too.

If nails are in very poor condition, take vitamin B₂ and calcium in concentrated form for a while. Improvement should show in four months.

Tips worth trying are these: Soak the nails in warm castor oil before going to bed.

When applying nail varnish, always leave a hairline round the tips of the nails and round the sides, too. A short-shafted brush will help you to do this meticulously.

The nail colour which is photographed on the right is an old favourite in a new pack, with a non-spill bottle and short-shafted brush. It is made in sixteen colours, one to match each lipstick, plus "Casual," a smoky coral pink, "Demure," a smoky blue pink and a clear "Natural," for those who prefer them. Always use an oily nail varnish remover. Pure acetone has a drying effect on the nails and will exacerbate the breaking, flakey condition.



A MILD degree of anaemia is common among women, and many accept a standard of health just below par, merely because the symptoms are either unrecognized or attributed to something else.

Anaemia is a shortage of red cells in the blood. In its more serious form, there is not only a shortage but the cells that remain are enlarged and distorted. With severe anaemia, the sufferer is left in very little doubt that she is a sick woman, but in its mild form, the symptoms, though depleting, are seldom very serious in themselves. There may be lassitude and lack of vitality, pale skin, dull eyes and a general feeling that the smallest task is the last straw. It is stupid to accept such a condition for it can, in most cases, be quickly and easily corrected.



Is It Anaemia?

Far too many women are anaemic. The symptoms are easy to detect—and correct. You feel lacking in vitality, too tired to attempt the smallest task, your skin is pale, eyes are dull and manner lifeless. It is stupid to accept such a condition for it can, in most cases, be quickly and easily corrected. How is this done? Simply by supplying the blood with the proper ingredients.

Just over twenty years ago—in 1926—a treatment was discovered for those sufferers from anaemia. This was known as the liver treatment. It was found that by giving injections of liver, pernicious anaemia, formerly regarded as fatal, was dramatically arrested.

Medical research marches on! During the past year in America, a team of research workers in a laboratory in New Jersey have produced a substance which may prove a cure for the more serious forms of anaemia.

As I mentioned earlier, the milder form of anaemia so common among women is generally easily cured. That is, providing you follow the rules. Rest when you feel you need it, have as much fresh air as possible and include in your diet blood-building foods.

Those foods containing iron are particularly valuable, for they build rich, healthy blood and help to carry oxygen to the tissues. Under-done beef and liver are excellent when you can get them; so too are raw egg yolks. Salads and vegetables contain iron too. Include two of the following in your main meal every day: Lentils, spinach, lettuce, peas, onions, asparagus, cucumber and carrots.

Fruit salads, grapefruit and other juicy-fruits will help the bloodstream too. Drink plenty of fresh water and sweet wine and cider rather than spirits.

Remember that as in all things to do with one's health, delay may be dangerous. If you suspect your trouble is anaemia, consult your doctor who will test your blood and possibly advise a concentrated form of iron.

Abundant energy, clear skin and appearance of well-being give unmistakable evidence of healthy blood. Patricia Roc, on the left, exemplifies the radiance of health which is the key to beauty.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope



OFF RATION CHEESES

THE release of certain cheeses from the ration or points has come at an opportune moment for putting variations into summer menus.

Many people who do not care much for cooked cheese will welcome some of these more tasty varieties for embellishing salads, sandwiches and savoury tit-bits—certain fruit pies also gain in flavour by the addition of cheese. The Yorkshireman's idea of cheese and apple pie is by no means a bad one—and the Americans, who are always daring in their mixing of foods, make a pleasant mixture with cream cheese for decorating fruit pies.

APPLE JELLY SALAD WITH CHEESE

Ingredients: 6 sweet apples; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint mayonnaise; 1 lettuce; apple jelly; gorgonzola, Danish or other tasty cheese (gorgonzola of course requires points).

Wash and shred lettuce. Mix with a little French dressing. Make border round individual plates. Peel, core and dice apples and blend with mayonnaise. Make an inner circle with this mixture. Fill the centre with a spoonful of apple jelly and place



Cheese Crumbletop Pie

cubes of cheese or cream cheese balls at intervals on lettuce. Apple should be prepared at last moment or it will discolour.

CREAM CHEESE BALLS

Ingredients: a few sticks of celery; cream cheese; cornflakes.

Chop celery very finely and mix with the cream cheese; if grated, cream with enough margarine to bind. Make into balls. Crisp cornflakes in a low oven; crush like crumbs. Roll balls in flakes. Thin slices of cheese, placed between buttered ice-wafers make a good tit-bit.

CHEESE CRUMBLETOP PIE

Ingredients: 6 cooking apples; sugar to sweeten; 8 oz. short pastry; a little water.

CRUMBLETOP

Ingredients: walnut margarine; 2 oz. cream cheese grated; $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful self-raising flour.

Cream margarine and cheese, rub into flour and add sugar.

Line a pie plate or pie dish with thick border of pastry, fill with sliced apples; just moisten with water and sweeten. Sprinkle crumbletop over and make a lattice with strips of pastry—bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 400° F., about half an hour. Serve with thick mock cream, like Devonshire cream.

CRÈME DE CAMEMBERT ROLLS

Ingredients: Dinner rolls; cider; Camembert cheese; margarine; seasoning.

Choose a fairly ripe camembert cheese. Scrape away all rinds, split across and place in a dish. Cover with cider and leave to soak twelve hours. Dry well—it can be wrung out in a piece of muslin. Weigh it and add half the weight in margarine. Season. Beat till smooth and creamy. Split rolls across, scoop out the middle and fill with cheese mixture. Serve with watercress or green salad.

CHERRY MINCE PIE WITH CHEESE

Ingredients: About $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries, tinned or cooked; 4 oz. chopped dates; 2 oz. sultanas or currants; 2 apples peeled, cored and chopped; 6 oz. flan pastry or short pastry; tablespoonful golden syrup; 1 oz. margarine.

Line flan tin with pastry. Melt margarine and syrup in a pan, mix in other ingredients. Fill flan and bake in moderate oven Regulo 5 or 400° F. about 30 minutes. When cold decorate with designs done with cream cheese butter pushed through forcing tube.



Apple Jelly Salad With Cheese



VEGETABLE DELICATESSEN

By Harriet Muir



Savoury Christmas Roses

ATTRACTIVE renderings of vegetable dishes are of prime importance during this period of meat shortage.

When choosing vegetarian recipes I always like to use those which include some colourful or shapely vegetables such as carrots, peas, beans and tomatoes. A vegetable dish can be a most insipid affair, but if well cooked and prettily set out can be a delicatessen indeed.

The following recipes appeal equally to eye and taste.

SAVOURY CHRISTMAS ROSES

Ingredients: 6 oz. short pastry; about 1 lb. peas; 1 oz. margarine; seasoning; 6 medium-sized potatoes; a little top of the milk; carrots; chopped mint.

Wash and peel potatoes. Boil till tender. Drain and mash well till creamy and smooth with a little milk.

Line large, shallow tartlet tins about 3 in. across with short pastry. Cook the peas carefully without breaking. Drain; set half aside, put remainder through a sieve. Melt margarine in a pan, add pea purée and top milk with enough mashed potato, to make a thick paste. Mix in a dessertspoonful finely chopped mint. Season—spread a layer of paste on

each tart. Now pipe mashed potato through a forcing tube on top of purée, like rose petals—shape edges with a knife. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 375° F., for 20 to 30 minutes on lower shelf so that potato remains white.

Toss remaining peas in hot margarine till warm. Place a few in centre of each rose. Pile diced carrots in centre of dish, arrange roses round. Garnish with parsley or peas.

(Continued on page 62)

IT'S NO SECRET

A GOOD steak may still be missing, but what joy to be able to make a real omelette again!

Keep a special pan for the job, a frying-pan can be used and it should never be washed, this prevents omelette sticking. To clean, scatter over with kitchen salt and rub with paper. Then warm a tiny piece of fat in pan, rub again with paper and finally polish with cloth. If making a filling, prepare ahead as omelettes must be served and eaten as soon as cooked.

Eggs should be fresh. When plentiful allow two eggs for each person. Beat eggs gently until yolks are just mixed with whites. Season and mix in a tablespoonful milk. For a two-egg omelette allow one ounce margarine. Melt this in pan and when hot pour in eggs. As soon as mixture begins to set loosen edges with palette knife and run liquid part underneath. A few minutes cooking is enough over gentle heat. The centre of the omelette should look creamy. An overcooked omelette is tough and heavy. When done slide omelette on to hot plate with fish slice. Fold in half or put filling in centre before cooking, if liked.

For fluffy omelettes, yolks are separated from whites and each beaten separately. Yolks should be thick and light, white stiff and frothy. Never let any yolk into white or it will not stiffen. Add milk and seasoning to yolks, fold in whites, cook and serve as before.



Curried Vegetable Envelopes



ALTHOUGH it cannot be denied that soap is the best general cleansing agent, soapless detergents have some advantages over soap in the washing of woollens and non-fast coloured fabrics.

Soap is alkaline and reacts in hard water to form a lime deposit which can cause shrinkage, harshening and discoloration to woollens. Soap also has to be dissolved in hot water to obtain full efficiency, so in washing non-fast coloureds there is a danger of the colours "running" when immersed in the hot suds.

In these special cases, soapless washers have the advantage. Being non-alkaline they are not decomposed by hard water and therefore no lime deposits are formed which could clog and harshen the fibres. They lather easily in cool or even cold water, so they are particularly suitable for washing woollen fabrics, for at more than 110°F., woollen fibres are in a plastic condition and any rubbing will result in shrinkage. Finally, salt or vinegar added to the water to help "fix" non-fast colours will not impair the lather.

THE soapless washers can be used for steeping clothes in much the same way as soap, so long as the container is large enough to allow plenty of room. Overcrowding may lead to shrinkage. If the articles are particularly soiled it is advisable to steep them, wash in a soap solution and then wash again in a soapless wash to carry away any lime depositions which might be left in the fibres, rinsing in the usual way.

The average amount necessary is one tablespoonful, or half an ounce per gallon, but the concentration varies from one brand to another so the printed directions should be carefully followed. Measure accurately and do not judge by the lather as with soap suds. More powder or fluid than the amount stated will not produce a better lather, for the detergent acts irrespective of the hardness or softness of the water. The soapless washers are rather expensive, but when correctly used the cost will be offset

The recent appearance of soapless detergents have caused a minor revolution in the ordinary household laundry routine. These notes by a Lecturer at the National Training College of Domestic Subjects, will interest those who are still a little uncertain of the properties of the new synthetic washers.

by the smaller quantities required. For heavily soiled articles, soapless washers are less effective but the liquid or powder can be applied direct to particularly soiled portions of the garment and treated with a Sorbo sponge. For heavily soiled household

linens, a mixture of one part soapless washer to three parts of soap gives a saving in soap and reduces the lime deposits.

Soapless detergents can be used to advantage for baby clothes, producing a soft finish, less discoloration and less wear and tear. But the garments must be very thoroughly rinsed.

SOMETIMES at the conclusion of a piece of ironing, a soiled mark is found. Sponging with soap will often leave a discoloured mark due to some of it being left in and turning colour under the iron. Very satisfactory results can be obtained by sponging the mark with a solution of soapless detergent and a small Sorbo sponge, rinsing, and pressing with muslin between iron and work. In any case, garments washed in a soapless lather are less likely to discolour if excessive heat should inadvertently be given during the drying process.

All packeted or bottled washes on sale are subject to analysis and under the control of the Ministry of Food. But nevertheless, some products are not up to the standard of others, so it is a safeguard to buy only those recommended for washing woollens, rayons and coloured garments.



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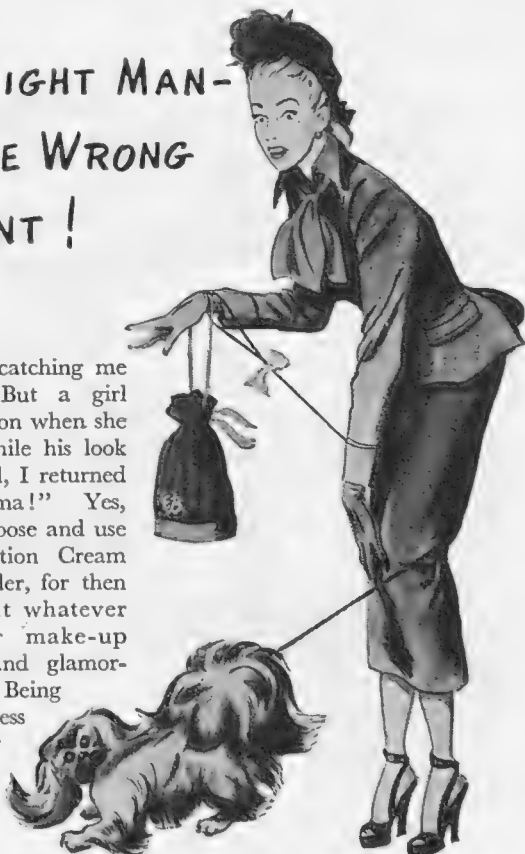


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The Two Boats (Continued from page 12)

Someone said, "There's two boats."

The cook dilated his nostrils again. He was smelling the wind. There was hope in it. They all assessed it with him. Bates stood watching them, a mutinous light in his eyes.

They all turned to look at Second Officer Jones. He said, "It's up to the Old Man." But he, too, looked longingly at the boats.

"You go talk to the Old Man." They put it up to Bates. "You got ten thousand pounds on it, Bates," they said, in a kind of tight humour.

The skipper was saying to the young husband and to Miss Dulham: "You understand, I'll do the very best I can for her, but I've got other lives to think of. I must play fair with all." Bates's seaboots scrabbled on the rocks. "Well, Bates?"

Bates stated the case. He did not look at the sick girl, at young Mr. Wilson, at Miss Dulham.

"I'll come down and talk to them," Captain Starke said.

BELOW, the men waited, drawn together in a desperate mutuality. Sunlight flung their shadows like grotesque blobs.

The Captain looked at them without reproach. He was a just man. He put the position to them, quietly, realistically.

"You understand," he summed it up, "it may be a few hours, a day, two days at most. Once the fever comes to crisis we'll have to risk it."

One of the stokers said, "Two days—with the water supply like it is?"

"On present rations," Captain Starke said, "we have still enough for a few days. The girl can't be moved immediately. She'd die."

A seaman put it to him. "We got our own lives to think of."

"There's two boats," said the stoker.

"And the wind's promising."

The skipper's eye flicked to the two boats now moving restlessly in the cove, over which the wind was sending catspaws. "I'd hoped we might see this through together, but as many as wish may go in Number 2 Boat. I shall, of course, remain with my passengers." He paused. "I'm open for volunteers to stay and man Number 1 Boat."

Feet scuffed the rocks uneasily. Overhead three seabirds flew. Their plaintive mewing sounded lonely.

"Me, sir."

"Thank you, Darrell."

"Me too, sir."

"Thank you, Jacques. And Silbro."

Haddon the cook lifted his head again to sniff the wind.

"Me, sir," he offered.

"Thank you, Haddon," Captain Starke said, a sudden light in his face.

A seaman said harshly, "I've got a wife."

"So has Cap'n," Haddon reminded him.

Captain Starke's lips tightened. He said quickly, "If we had two more—"

"I'll stick with you, sir."

"Thank you, Stamford. He waited. "We could do with one more, but that's enough." He turned to the second officer. "Jones, you and Bates divide the balance of the water equitably."

"Very good, sir."

Bates for a moment did not follow the Second Officer.

"Captain Starke, sir," he said. "I'd like to have stayed with your boat, but you know how it is."

Captain Starke looked at him.

"Nobody's blaming you, Bates," he said.

THEY all—Miss Dulham; young Mr. Wilson, for a moment leaving his wife; Haddon the cook; Darrell and Silbro; Jacques and Stamford—went down to see Number 2 Boat leave, Captain Starke shouting, "Good luck, boys!" Miss Dulham waving her hand to them.

The boat was already beyond the outer ring of surf, when an odd thing happened. A man threw himself into the sea and made his way ashore. The lunge of his effort agitated the inner waters, sending small creatures scuttling; frightening from his path a school

of bright-hued fish. If the skipper saw he paid no attention, his eyes riveted on the boat whose slight wake was soon obliterated, whose flight from them—aided by both wind and oars—quickly widened the intervening waters so that soon Captain Starke had his glasses out, the better to follow his men with hopes and wishes.

The boat grew smaller under the burning sky, it seemed again to crawl like a lonely beetle across the interminable floor towards a receding horizon. The company of watchers melted.

Only Captain Starke and Miss Dulham remained and, at a little distance, sitting against a rock and staring with fierce intensity at the retreating speck, the sodden figure of a man.

Captain Starke handed Miss Dulham the glasses! He almost casually clambered over the rocks to where the man was.

"Thanks, Bates," he said. "I'm glad you're with us."

"Aw, can it!" Bates said.

Captain Starke smiled faintly. Rank no longer mattered; this was a business that cut clear across the little rules of life. Bates turned away, then swung back and faced the skipper.

"What kind of a damned fool am I?" he demanded thickly.

"Maybe no kind, Bates."

Bates studied the skipper's face and what he saw he didn't like. He took a step nearer, belligerently.

"Don't you think it, sir," he said. "Don't you get to thinking I've gone soft or nothing. No, sir, that's not my way. Not me, sir, Captain Starke."

The skipper said nothing; his attention seemed caught for a moment by something beyond Bates.

"It just came over me sudden-like," Bates insisted. "Just a quick fancy I had to stick with Number 1 Boat, that's all. So don't let anybody get thinking any fancy nonsense about me, Captain Starke, sir. It don't hold, understand?"

Captain Starke spoke then. "Yes," he said gravely. "Yes, Bates, I understand exactly."

"Anything else," Bates said, "don't hold water . . . Water!" He took the word again on his lips, cracked already with thirst. "I've gone and done it now," he said thickly, "Know what I've gone and done, Captain Starke, sir? I never thought of it. My blinking water ration's in the other boat!"

The skipper stared at him, but it was Miss Dulham who spoke.

"And a very good thing, I think, Mr. Bates," she said. Enfeebled, she had nevertheless come towards them with sudden strength. There was a queer, shining look in her face; but as Bates glared at her, puzzled, a greyness seemed to touch her face. Over them all then came a shadow; over Miss Dulham and Bates and the skipper; over the sick girl and her husband; over Darrell and Jacques, and Stamford and Silbro and Haddon, the cook, now seeking in the clefts of the rocks some refuge from the burning of the day. Suddenly Miss Dulham stretched out both her arms. As if in imitation Bates stretched out his, too. A last pale wash of sunlight flung his shadow, enlarged and made angular, against the rock face, and the shape of it was the shape of a cross. Then the shape was blotted out; and Bates was shouting like a madman, "Captain Starke, sir. Look! Feel! Oh, my God, feel it, sir!"

AT first it was only a faint spatter, a mere intimation; and then suddenly—even as from those mocking pockets of cloud they had earlier seen it fall—the rain descended. It fell with tropical prodigality, as if the very heavens had been opened; drumming its cool music upon the sailcloth stretched above the sick girl; beating against the dumpy figure of Miss Dulham, so that she clung with happy hands to a rock; falling upon the eager palms and uplifted faces of men who could now have their fill; converting the dry barren concavities of the rock itself into pools soon to reflect the calm (Continued on page 52)

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blue of the sky. For quickly it was over and gone; the remnant of cloud, denuded and unimportant, passing away and out to sea—that vast immensity from which all traces of human tenancy had vanished—stretching, impersonal, implacable, and no longer breeze-swept, to the horizontal.

Lying belly-flat above a pool, sweet and cool with new-fallen rain, Bates drank. He drank until some inner caution warned him. Content, he immersed himself as best he could in the pool, feeling himself a new man. Then he stayed, staring down into the pool, seeing not his own but the missus's face, and Peggy's; hearing not the sound of remote

The "Warmest" Corner Of London

(Continued from page 15)

of the ex-colonel and his male guest, who were savagely set upon when the former answered the door in his Paddington flat.

Incidentally, bell-ringing is one of the pet pleasures of drunken young rowdies and their bawling female accessories. The fearful din they make, and the mess left in the streets, is their way of leaving their cards on "their betters" at week-ends.

The continentalized rooming facilities for transients of a night, which have become such a local feature, offer good fleeting cover for criminals. Houses which are too decrepit, or soon due for pulling down, are bought and occupied by nominal landlords, often Central European Jews. The real owner telephones daily from somewhere in the background, and checks his takings from exorbitant rentings for a night, or from letting to friends, relations and accomplices who use the premises as a curtain for receiving and other rackets.

Nine Londoners were turned out of a house I know, because they could not pay new charges demanded. They knew that, if they appealed to the Tribunal, their lives would be made a misery and they'd have to go in the end.

A quite unnecessary handicap to the police concerns the freedom with which people are allowed to change their names at will. Thousands of foreigners have become MacDougals and O'Briens and the like. To-day the public houses and cafés of Notting Hill are checked daily by the local C.I.D. It is a district automatically checked for every London crime. But criminals can escape the

The Two Boats

Pacific surf, but the trickle of the tide at Blackpool; feeling not the hard surface of the rock but the warm sands on which the children played. He guessed his luck had changed. Luck? He glanced around sharply. Captain Starke had gone; he had gone with hopeful strides up to where a strip of sailcloth held new coolness above the fevered girl. Only Miss Dulham was near. She stood, a dumpy, regal little figure, set against the empty vastness of the sea, gazing out to where the second boat had gone quite beyond recall.

END

watchful eye of the police with a new name in a new district.

This happens, moreover, in a district notorious for its foreign political clubs which send up the local temperature and contribute to that Sunday street-corner bawling and brawling.

There is no question but that these clubs have gravitated to Notting Hill because of its proximity to Kensington Palace Gardens, or "Soviet Boulevard." In this, former "Millionaire's Row" are no less than five mansions occupied by the U.S.S.R., and queer things happen within this settlement, too, such as a fatal and mysterious fire, after which diplomatic privilege was claimed to avoid an inquest.

It all contributes to the queer, and tragic, and violent goings-on in the Notting Hill region. Several people have walked off roofs, including a nude girl.

It also explains why residents on the serene slopes of Campden Hill are waging so resolute a campaign against an L.C.C. project for a block of flat-dwellings in their midst. Their struggle recalls Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill" (without reference to which, any article of this sort would be incomplete).

That local champion fought against an arterial road being pushed through from Kensington. How much holier is the Campdenites' cause of forty and more years after . . . resistance to an extension of the "warmest" corner of London to their *rus in urbe!*

END

The Last Word (Continued from page 31)

after a time. When light came through to him again the pressure on his throat was slightly easier.

"Dial 999, Madeline," Bernard's voice said stertorously from behind Ernie's head. "Tell them to hurry. Go on, girl." The gun in Ernie's viced hand waved menacingly.

Ernie couldn't see Madeline, his head was twisted back, but he could hear her phoning. Afterwards he could hear her pleading.

"Do one decent thing, Bernard, for a change. Let him go. God knows you owe it to him."

Bernard chuckled, his breath—rich with port fumes—carrying dankly across Ernie's face. Ernie could imagine Bernard's derisive grin. He was silent, listening to Madeline's pleas.

In a detached way Ernie heard, from below, the slamming of car doors. It was the police but Ernie knew Bernard's strength too well to imagine for a second that he could force his way out of this hold. Bernard had been a professional wrestler before he became a full time criminal and, like all people paralyzed from the waist downwards, his arms were stronger than ever. Ernie had played the hand and lost.

"Let him go, let him go," Madeline's voice hammered shrilly. "There's time, Bernard, there's time. Let him go, I tell you."

Her words died away into a sobbing whine.

"It would be so untidy, my dear Madeline," Bernard chuckled, "so very untidy and inconclusive. Tired as I am of your shrewish company and of being tied to this chair, I have not lost my passion for neatness and for having the last word, as our friend puts it."

Bernard's bass lost its edge, dropped to a silky purr. "No, no," he continued, "I shall do something a little more positive, shall I say a little more characteristic? Two birds and one stone always raised my admiration."

Then Ernie tautened and began to struggle. Slowly Bernard was forcing his gun hand round towards him.

Madeline screamed.

"He's mad. He's going to kill you."

Ernie thrashed about, kicking unavailingly at the paralyzed legs below him, but the gun in his hand still moved inexorably towards his head.

There was a pounding on the front door.

"Let—them—in," Ernie croaked. He heard Madeline rattling bolts and chains, then the strength switched off in his arm and he looked into the blackness of that barrel and shut his eyes. Bernard's fingers were squeezing his hand round the butt and the trigger, wringing it like a rotten tangerine.

The report sent a thousand tiny whistles dinning in his ears—but he knew he was still alive. He sprang to his feet and turned triumphantly to the wheel chair. The door opened behind him and the police burst into the room, gripping his elbows.

And it was only then, as they took the automatic from his hand, as somebody murmured: "Too late—dead as mutton," and as he gazed horrified at the great figure sagging forward against the chair straps, that Ernie Smith appreciated the neatness that Big Bernard had spoken of and the finality of his last word.

END

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The Woman In Black

(Continued from page 19)

"No—not angry. Hurt would be a better word."

She laughed again, this time even more scornfully. "But it all happened so long ago! Don't be childish, Michael!"

He nodded, "Yes, I am childish, aren't I!" he said, amiably. "But then—maybe I was always that, too."

There was a small silence between them, during which she tried to think of something to say—something which might break through the armour of his reserve.

"You don't approve of me, do you, Michael?"

"I don't approve of the way you live—or of your friends. And, talking about your friends, I think they're waiting for you."

It was a peremptory order to go, and she stood up, flushed and angry and, for the first time in many years, curiously overcome. Words sprang to her lips, but remained unuttered. Then, furiously, she turned her back on him and went away.

THE meeting with Michael disturbed her, and she might have paused then and wondered—and, wondering, found salvation. But she did not. Rigorously, she thrust all thought of him from her mind and made herself go on believing that she abhorred him and all he stood for.

So the empty, tawdry life of gaiety went on. Money flowed like water and the tongues clacked louder. Men came and went, into and out of her life, until she lost count. She reached the age of twenty-six—then twenty-seven—and, infuriated by the stubborn, steady oncome of the years, challenged Time itself by doubling and then redoubling the hectic pace at which she lived.

And then, when all was geared to the highest pitch, the crash came!

She was in London, and most of the party she was with had drunk too much, when, somewhere about midnight, someone suggested that they ought to drive down to the sea; and, like sheep, they swarmed out and clambered into cars. They drove furiously through the city—miraculously without accident—and soon were humming over the night-covered countryside towards the coast.

What actually happened, she never knew. She remembered a corner rushing up, and someone shouting, "Tony, you fool!"—and her own sudden certainty that they were for it. Then the car bucked. One of the girls screamed. There was the shattering of glass and the din of crumpling steel... and then a terrible pain, and oblivion.

WHEN she came round, she was in a world of cream walls, hushed, efficient voices and the smells of floor polish and disinfectant. Her head and shoulders were swathed in bandages—and she felt numb—and, through the numbness, pain.

She lay there, in the hospital, for weeks. Regularly, a nurse came and injected her in the arm—and it was better then, because the remorseless, burning agony seemed further away, and it was possible for them to handle her—to unwind the bandages and replace them by more.

And then, one day, the door opened and Michael came in...

"Michael!" She tried to rise up in the bed—but the nurse laid a hand on her shoulder and pressed her back, and all she could do was to submit—to lie there and whimper through the bandages.

"All right, Sister, you can take off the dressings. I want to have a look at her." His voice was cold—impersonal as the noise of a smooth-running machine.

She stayed still, feeling empty and depressed, while the sister unwound the bandages from her face and shoulders and Michael stood by, watching from the foot of the bed. She kept her eyes fixed on Michael. She kept account of each little, tightening muscle of his face, as the nurse went on working, and she saw the sudden flinch in his eyes, as the last fold fell away, and his not quite immediate recovery.

As the nurse stepped aside, he came nearer and stooped to examine the mystery that had lain hidden beneath the bandages and, all the time, as she watched him, she sensed that he could not—dared not—look her in the eyes.

"All right, sister," he said, crisply, at length; and, taking the documents from above her bed, turned away and went over to the window, while the sister came back, put on new dressings and began to run the bandages round and round her head.

She lay still, thinking.

"He's Michael Lansdowne—the fellow who has—"

Plastic surgery! That was it—plastic surgery! *Her face! Good God, her face!*

Her heart thumped—but, somehow, she kept her head. She knew it was no use asking them—Michael or the nurse. She had to find out for herself. She had to wait until they were gone.

She did wait—and then, when she was alone, tore frantically at the bandages. She dragged the end round and round her head, ripped away the dressings and, sliding from the bed, staggered over to the mirror on the wall.

She moved, to make quite sure that it was herself—or that she was not dreaming...

And then she screamed... and she was still screaming, like one demented, when, gently but firmly, they carried her, fighting, back to the bed.

THEN came the dead years: the years during which Michael worked and strove to remake her beauty; the years during which she found the courage to look at herself in the mirror, but not the courage necessary to show herself to other people; the years during which she grew ever more bitter, even towards those who tried to help her. And Michael, sensing her bitterness, maintained his distance.

So, lonely and dispirited, she took again to living the life of a recluse. She bought a house in a quiet suburb, and lived there between the times when it was necessary for her to go back into the hospital for Michael to work on her. And the weeks passed and her birthday came. The months passed and made a year. And, one day, when Michael was there, the reins of her self-control snapped, and she clutched his hand and cried: "For God's sake, Michael. Tell me how long all this will take!"

And he replied: "One cannot say, definitely, Louise. The left side isn't too bad now—but the right may take another two or three years."

She buried her face in her hands, feeling beneath her fingers the rough corrugations of the scars. "Two or three years!" she groaned; and then, looking him in the eye, went on, slowly: "Two or three years—during which you patch up what Time is making threadbare...! Funny, isn't it! By the time you will have finished, I shall be old—and you'll have worked for nothing!"

"Well," he said, with a shrug, "you can call it all off if you want to. I know a good many people who stopped half-way through. Some of them, I think, have been all the happier for a few scars..."

"Are you suggesting that I might be?"

"I'm not suggesting anything."

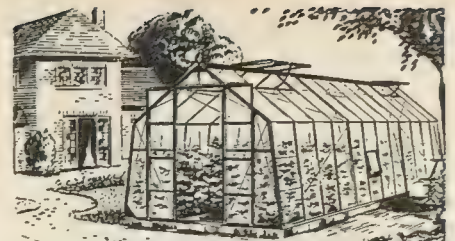
When he had gone, she sat, deep in thought, for a long time. She wondered if she really ought to give up the struggle. There didn't seem to be much point in going on. She could never be beautiful again. Michael would go on working—but Age and Time would, too.

That evening, she was more dispirited than she had ever been and, once darkness had fallen, she put on her coat and crept out into the city, to walk and to think and to try to come to some decision.

And so she had come to the river.

And then she had gone on to Cypress Street, and had seated herself at the bar.

THE bartender had counted up to six—and they had all been big ones. But she wasn't drunk—only (Continued on page 56)



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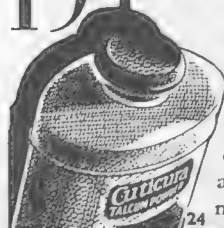
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a bit bemused looking—and, metaphorically,
he took off his hat to her.

Draining her glass, she slipped from the
stool and began to button up her coat—and
then, catching his eye, deliberately turned, so
that, for the first time in all the hour she had
been there, he could see her properly.

She saw him flinch, and tossed a half-
crown on the bar-top. "Sickening, isn't it!"
she said, with a slow, crooked smile. "There's
something for your trouble. . . ."

And then she was gone, while he stood
goggling after her. . . .

She climbed the stairs and went out to the
street. She dragged the collar of her coat up
higher and set off along the deserted pave-
ment. She turned the corner and went on to
the bridge. And there she stopped.

The policeman had gone!

She moved closer to the balustrade. She
did not know why, but she felt that she ought
to take off her coat, and so, keeping her eyes
on the water, she began slowly to undo the
buttons again. . . .

Then, from away to the right, she heard
footsteps and, with a soft "damn," she drew
back and, turning, walked slowly on up the
pavement.

It was a man—a tall man, walking briskly.
It was—*Good God, it was Michael!*

"Louise . . .!" He stopped, and, in the
lamplight, she saw his eyes on hers—then
dart to the river, and then come back to her
again. She saw the quick flash of suspicion
and the old, old tightening of the little
muscles round his mouth. "What on earth
are you doing here," he rapped, "at this

The Woman In Black

time of night?" The words came at her like
bullets, and she wondered what he would say
if she replied with the truth—with a careless,
"To jump in, Michael. . . . To end the whole,
rotten business. . . ." And it was so funny
that she began to laugh. . . .

"Louise . . .!" He sounded startled.

She clutched his hand, where he had laid
it on her arm, and went on laughing as she
felt all the carefully fostered courage slip
away. . . .

"Louise . . .!"—and he was really worried
now. . . . "Louise, you're ill!"

"Gradually, her laughter subsided. "No,
Michael," she said, shakily, at length. "Not
ill! Just a blasted little coward, that's all!"

And then, without warning, she began to
cry.

"Louise . . .!" And now his voice was so
gentle that it hurt, even as it soothed and
warmed her. She looked up at him, with the
tears shining on her twisted face.

"Oh, Michael," she whispered. "How
wrong I've been! How terribly, terribly
wrong . . .!"

And he said, still gently: "Never mind
about that now. Come along, my dear, I'm
going to take you home."

And, as he slipped his arm about her shoul-
ders and led her from the bridge, she felt
secure and realized how false had been all
security before; and, calmer now, she was
filled with a great content, because she knew
that, at last, she had really found herself.

END

Fashions Change—And Houses, Too

(Continued from page 20)

Conditions were better in the country, and
the smaller town house altered little during
the eighteenth century. Many of these
charming Georgian houses are still to be seen
gracing cathedral cities and market towns.
With sash windows, placed with due regard
for regular spacing, slightly pitched roofs
and wide doorways raised above the level of
the ground by a short flight of steps, nothing
could be more dignified, comfortable and
homely. It was an age of friendship and
hospitality, hence the doorway became the
most important part of the design. Flanked
by pillars and crowned by a simple pediment,
or by the gracefully curved shell of the days of
Queen Anne, they were wide enough to allow
My Lady, in hoops and panniers, to pass
through without discomfort. The hall still
retained much of the dignity, if not the space,
of an earlier age.

It was in early Georgian days that town
planning flourished—or would have done if
architects had been given a free hand. To
the Woods, father and son and both named
John, we owe the loveliness and unity of
Bath, in Somerset. In a few years they con-
trived to turn that city, described by a con-
temporary as "the bottom, a stew pot; the
top a gridiron"; into one rightly earning the
title "Queen of the West." To the indefatig-
able partnership of father and son we owe the
stately Crescent, the more intimate Circus
and Queen's Square, and the many symmetri-
cal groups of houses showing to advantage
in the wide, spacious streets.

John Nash, living in the days of the
Regency, dreamed of London as a similar
dignified unit but, with the difficulty of
finding space available and the truly British
characteristic of clinging to old traditions,
especially if of bricks or stones, only a few
parts of London remain to give an insight
into the plans he had in mind.

With the winnowing of wealth from the
leisured classes to merchants and tradesmen,
which commenced in the nineteenth century,
houses became more practical, often at the
expense of their outward charm. Money was
not so lavishly spent—the business man saw
to that—and economy in building materials
brought many changes in the appearance of
houses and streets. Stucco and plaster took
the place of sturdy stone worked by hand;
timber used in the framework became less
massive and bright red machine-made bricks

glared at the passer-by as if to draw attention
to their importance.

John Nash, following the example of the
Adam brothers, delighted in stucco and found
himself derided in the *Quarterly Magazine*
for 1826 in the following verse:

"Augustus in Rome was for building
renowned,

And of marble he left what of brick he
had found.

But is not our Nash, too, a very great
master?

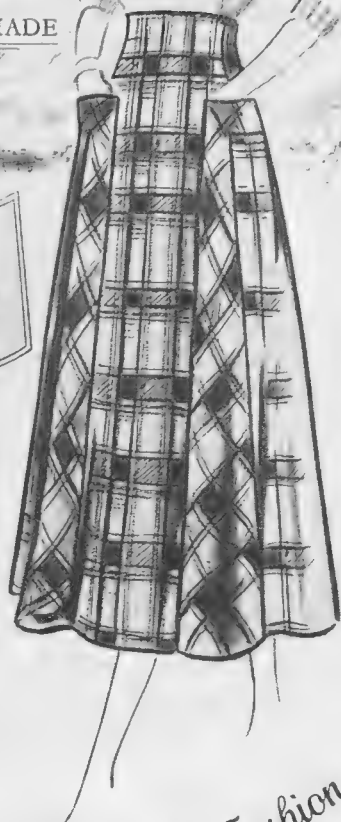
He finds us all brick, and he leaves us all
plaster."

Town houses nearly always suffered from
lack of ground space, growing taller and
taller as towns became more populated.
Narrow stairs, often with beautifully curved
hand-rails, wound upwards from tiny pas-
sages, for to such dimensions had the great
hall of our ancestors shrunk. Doors tended
to become narrower, there was little need
for the width of Georgian doorways for hoops
and panniers were things of the past and the
crinoline had not yet made its exuberant
appearance.

Although economy in building materials
was the order of the mid-Victorian days, not
so the ornamentation. Gone were the simple
decorations beloved by Robert Adam. In
their place sprang a bevy of strange plaster
modellings and decorations. The exteriors of
houses were inundated with useless plaques,
playful and rotund cherubs, swags of flowers
blossoming like a gardener's catalogue, and
a general hotch-potch of design more pleasing
to the newly-rich owner than to the passer-
by. Chimney pots and cowl, perched peri-
lously on the top of slate roofs, made their
appearance; and bay windows, enabling the
mistress of the house to look both up and
down the street, bulged outwards like John
Bull's waistcoat. Kitchens became more
practical as the housewife learned that the
way to the husband's heart was through his
inner man.

Gardens grew prim and proper. Swept
away were the carefully planned walks and
mazes, the topiary work and herb gardens;
instead trim rows of lobelia, geraniums and
calceolarias took their place, and the hired
gardener became lord of all—for what lady,
or gentleman either, would be seen handling
a spade or tending the garden? That was the
work for a hired man (Continued on page 58)

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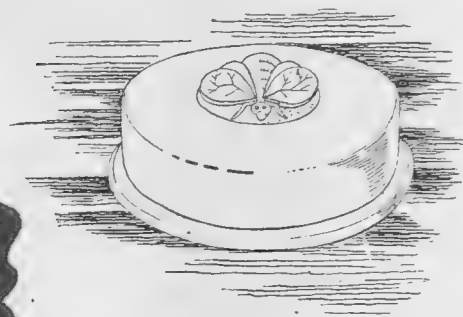
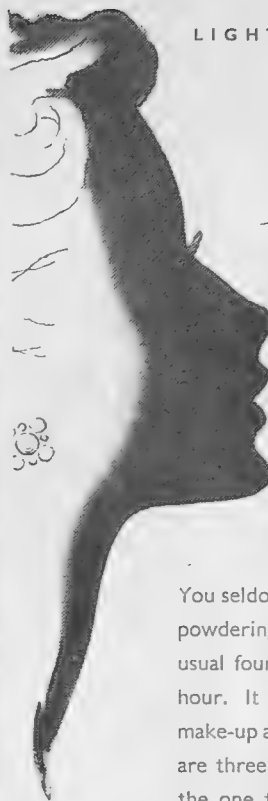
Thirty-forty . . . deuce . . . 'van in . . .
deuce . . . 'van out . . . deuce . . . phew !
it makes me hot to look at 'em. I warrant
they'll be glad of these two cool glasses
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who loved neatness and despised anything not in a straight row. The tiny hedges of yew round flower beds were replaced by that abomination of all garden lovers, fancy tiles or bricks laid edgeways.

Behind the avenues and crescents in which dwelt the masters, were rows of unhappy dwellings where the workers, who made the money for their masters, lived.

It was mostly due to the influence of William Morris, artist, designer and country lover, that individuality came once more to grace the landscape. He it was who encouraged the local craftsman and sought inspiration from earlier times. In his days—about the middle of the nineteenth century—the country cottage came into prominence, though not always in the country. With roofs pitched at all angles, colours and shape; windows placed in odd corners, and unobtrusive chimneys they did at least aim at a certain harmony with their surroundings. Morris's interiors were designed to ease the

Fashions Change—And Houses, Too

work of the housewife, though his own house designed by Philip Webb, at Bexley Heath had no bathroom.

Early in the twentieth century an endeavour to sweep away all useless ornament and to rely once more on proportion and simplicity aided by concrete and steel, came into vogue. At what period the bungalow and council houses appeared I cannot definitely state, but as a home for a young family and a haven for the weary mother, they must still be a blessing. Far too long has she suffered from inconvenient house-planning and needless work in the running of her home.

Few dare to raise a voice in praise of the enormous blocks of flats now rising from the ruins of our towns, but they have at least the beauty of rhythm in their well-proportioned neatness, and dignity of spaciousness—at least to the onlooker.

END

Crossroads Of The World

(Continued from page 13)

experience rates to-day as too complex and unwise.

With due allowance for the valuable new assets planned for the Suez Canal, which are estimated to cost about £4½ million, the inimitable ditch already merits focus on a dozen memorable counts. Like the Welland Ship Canal, the Suez is furnished with luminous and reflector buoys and electric leading lights which make possible continuous day and night navigation of a channel lined by treacherous sandbanks. On an average its services, based on transit dues at 8s. per loaded ton, add no more than a few pence to the individual cost of merchandise passing through—a negligible fraction against the advantages the short-cut has bestowed on all maritime countries. Though its building cost the franc equivalent of seventeen million gold pounds, it has saved Governments and traders of the world at least 100 times that sum; and this despite frequent interruptions caused by wars and economic crises.

In the Italo-Ethiopian War arose the problem of whether Italy's transports should be allowed access via the Canal to Abyssinia—a conundrum involving alike the security of a peace-loving people and international integrity. But by the International Convention of 1888 it had been agreed that the vessels of all nations, whether armed or not, should be given passage through the Suez in peace or war. And so, in 1937, 161 of the 268 warships and transports which passed through the Canal during 1937 travelled 300,000 Italian troops to converge on ill-fated Ethiopia. By a strange trick of fate it was control of the eastern Mediterranean by that same Power that virtually closed the canal for three years of the second World War, causing acute inconvenience to Britain, whose need of it was then greater than anyone's.

WHERE, at the Red Sea end, there was only the little port of Suez, have risen five flourishing, well-appointed towns. Four of these are the direct outcome of the creation of the Suez Canal and the work of the Canal Company. About halfway along the canal, on the banks of Lake Timsah, is the up-to-date city of Ismailia, named "the emerald of Egypt" for the modern beauty of its buildings, the loveliness of its gardens. Ismailia is run entirely by the Canal Company, which has provided all the amenities; only the policing is done by the Egyptian Government.

IN these and other towns the canal zone now has 200,000 inhabitants, of whom only a fraction are Canal Company employees. There are flourishing businesses, shops, factories, hotels... which have nothing to do with the company. All these people and institutions have added full measure to Egyptian prosperity by the sale and lease of land, rentals, income tax, and duties on goods received into the Zone. The cutting of the Sweet Water Canal which runs parallel to the canal proper on its western side has opened up another vast tract of barren land for cultivation and habi-

tation, complete with road and rail communications. Through much of it now range green oases, with more buildings, gardens, plantations. It is hard to believe that all this and more has risen up on reclaimed land or straight out of the sands, to serve the commerce plying through what is becoming more and more the world's most indispensable bottleneck.

The French chairman of the company once made this significant statement. "It would be absurd to open the door of a house to someone who wanted to enter it only to plunder." The allusion was to Italy's onetime campaign for a share in control of the canal. Coming on the heels of their Abyssinian adventure, the motives behind the drive were transparent. Italian aspirations are not, of course, dead, though their aim may have altered. And there are new and sharpening interests whose principles cannot be reconciled with the spirit of the canal charter. Russia has made it clear that she hates being bottled up in the Black Sea. Bent on checkmating British and Western European influence in the Mediterranean, she seeks equal rights with other nations in the use of waterways leading into and out of the "middle sea." And that connotes a wish for an interest in the Suez Canal.

More ethical in aim is the trans-Atlantic ambition. United States Canal transits—nearly all petroleum ships—have now reached twenty per cent of the total; and it is reported that she is negotiating a share-holding in the company. Any substantial American interest, however, could be acquired only by a deal with the holders of the largest blocks of shares. These are still France and Britain, but a new agreement has now admitted the Egyptian Government into the Canal Company as a "privileged partner," increasing her representation on the board from two to seven directors out of a total of thirty-two, and giving her a larger share in the administration and profits.

If, when the ninety-nine years' concession expires in 1968, Egypt does enter on possession against payment for the material, what will be the destiny of her canal? Aviation advancement may in that time have claimed the transport of passengers and light freight, but in basic commodities passing east and west the Suez must continue to serve the world's commerce for a long time to come. It has been argued that, as the waterway exists for the benefit of international shipping, it should be placed under international control. This thesis applies almost equally to the Panama Canal, yet no one has thought of advancing such a claim in that case. It will be a problem for Egypt herself to decide nineteen years hence, unless by some miracle of diplomacy a fresh tenancy evolves in the interval out of the existing one. There is something of the obliqueness of the Oriental in the Egyptian make-up, and the deadline may be only just round the corner before the landlord Government, well aware of perils that might threaten her should she make any radical change, will show a readiness to strike a fresh bargain. END



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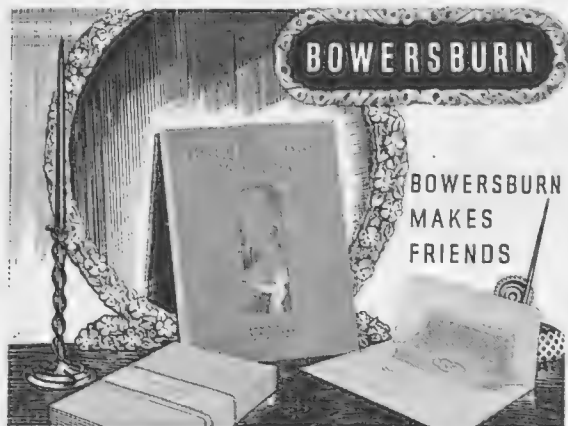
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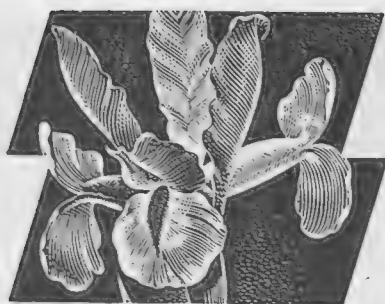
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Pie Out Of The Sky (Continued from page 16)

American leaders have decided that the sky's the limit. And it can at least be said that the R.A.F. are getting a valuable return in terms of operational experience, both in the air and on the ground.

HISTORY contains strange contrasts. Britain and the United States, so closely co-ordinated over the Berlin affair, once fought each other because of a blockade. It was in 1812, during the Napoleonic Wars, when the French dictator's attempt to starve Britain out, and Britain's naval counter-measures, were driving neutral shipping from the seas. The Americans resented British interference with their merchant vessels, and relations became so strained that the two nations went to war. It was two years before the transatlantic hostilities ended and peace was made.

As a heavily importing country, Britain knows the meaning of blockade herself. She has suffered it in three major wars—and once, in 1917, very nearly succumbed to it. But the Kaiser's U-boats were in the end no more successful than Hitler's magnetic mines or Napoleon's ships of war.

Unable to conquer Britain militarily as he had conquered much of Europe (or, at any rate, gained control of it), Napoleon tried in 1806 to ruin her trade and reduce her to starvation by his "Continental System." He declared Britain to be in a state of blockade, banned her ships and those of her colonies from entering the European ports under his control, and ordered the seizure of all British goods found on sea or land. But this was a big order and, though it caused Britain a good deal of trouble, it failed to achieve its end. There were too many loopholes in the long coastline of Europe.

INFINITELY deadlier was the German attempt in the first World War. In that grim April of 1917 one out of every four ships left British ports never to return, and nearly 900,000 tons of British, allied and neutral shipping went to the bottom. Food stocks

were reduced to a six weeks' margin and blockade, imposed by unrestricted submarine warfare, nearly won the war for Germany. Britain saved the day then with rationing, more home production, increased shipbuilding, minefields around the German bases—and the most successful counter-measure of all, the convoy system.

In August, 1940, Hitler, like Napoleon before him, declared a "total blockade" against the United Kingdom. Despite this, at no time in the second World War were Britain's supply lines so hard pressed as in 1917. They might well have been—if we had not quickly mastered the Fuehrer's first "secret weapon," the magnetic mine. As it was, they were menaced throughout the war by the formidable armament of U-boats, long-range bombers and commerce raiders the enemy launched for the purpose of starving us out.

BUT Britain knows something, too, about blockading others. As a naval power, it is one of her principal war-time weapons. She replied to Napoleon's "Continental System" with a blockade of all ports from which British ships were banned. In 1915, when Germany announced her intention to treat British waters as a war zone in which all ships found would be sunk at sight, Britain started her economic counter-measures in earnest, and in 1916 established a Ministry of Blockade, whose functions were similar to those of the Ministry of Economic Warfare of the late war, though less comprehensive.

The people of Berlin have felt the pinch of the British blockade in two World Wars. Now, paradoxically, it was the British who, with the Americans, relieved the pinch of another blockade. In doing so they perfected a new technique in transportation and supply. The airlift had gone on long enough to demonstrate that Western Berliners could be supplied with the necessities of life however long the more usual transport routes remain closed.

END

Books (Continued from page 34)

woman beautiful. Veronica Dengel's "**Personality Unlimited**" (Faber, 18s.) surveys them in detail and diagram from the U.S. angle, with practical tips and advice. But since the net result is the enchanting partner of the dance-floor, who am I to cavil? Especially if I don't have to pay for it. . . .

OUR modern novelist is a very atomical fellow. We learned a lot about cadavers in Evelyn Waugh's mortician epic, *The Well Beloved*. Michael Harrison in "**There's Glory for You**" (Laurie, 10s. 6d.) has to tell us that the dum-dum bullet his armaments king, Carlo, stopped at Adowa pierced the stomach wall, ruptured a kidney, sliced the iliac colon, peppered the sigmoid flexure, and left him with dyspepsia, wind, sour breath, and inability to beget children. Which largely accounts for his becoming a Mussolini backer, in contrast with his priestly brother Eugenio, who becomes a Resistance leader: a conflict of opposites which makes a strong, dramatic story.

EVOKING—as so well she can—a Suffolk of 1801 in "**A Calf for Venus**" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) Norah Lofts tells of a young doctor's infatuation for a girl who joins her aunt in a coffee-house of bawdy repute, of his implication in smuggling and killing for her sake, with little reward: a poignant period piece with a touching gallantry.

LAWYER Austin King, though loving his wife, also has to cope with a young entanglement in William Maxwell's "**Time Will Darken It**" (Faber, 12s. 6d.). The story is a compelling one, though a mass of commonplace small-town life surrounds it. "The horrible odour of frying eggs" made me sit up somewhat, but then this is U.S.A. . . .

NO doubt it is natural for a learned professor to flinch under ex-R.A.F. slang. When the ex-R.A.F. wants to marry his daughter, and long ago in Cork he knew the boy's mother, and was indirectly responsible for the father's death in a Black-and-Tan sortie, obviously there will be conflict. Betty Miller builds the story well in "**The Death of the Nightingale**" (Hale, 8s. 6d.).

A NEW private-inquiry sleuth, Johnny Vallon, finds himself up against murder—and dames—in Peter Cheyney's "**You Can Call It a Day**" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). In the first two pages he sniffs a whiff of *Narcisse Noir*, orders a double Bacardi, thinks drinking it is "rather like making love," and finds that the source of the scent "had what it takes in a very big way," so from the word go it's Cheyney again not one degree underproof.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include: "**Odham's Motor Manual**" (9s. 6d.), an entirely new and up-to-date manual produced for the owner-driver and prospective car purchaser. "**The Antique Trades and Collectors' Directory**" with useful information for the amateur as well as the professional collector (Woodhouse, 66 New Bond Street, London, 17s. 6d.). The latest addition to the Gallery Books series, "**Au Moulin Rouge**," by Toulouse-Lautrec with a constructive introduction by Daniel Catton Rich (Percy Lund, Humphries, 4s. 6d.). "**Best Broadcast Stories**," a collection of fifty-one short stories, already proven radio favourites. Edited by Hilton Brown (Faber, 9s. 6d.).

Among interesting reprints is "**Stay Me With Flagons**," Maurice Healy's fascinating handbook on wines (Continued on page 62)

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and wine-bibbing (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); and two further Rider Haggard favourites, "Allan Quatermain" and "Eric Brighteyes" in Macdonald's illustrated edition (8s. 6d. each).

Two enchanting story books for young children by Alison Uttley, "Six Tales of the Four Pigs" illustrated by Alec Buckels and "Six Tales of Brock the Badger," illustrated by Francis Gower and Alec Buckels (Faber, 4s. 6d. each).

NOVELS

"The Uncertain Heart," by Denise Robins (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "Sharon," by Margaret Mackay (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "The Clockmaker of Heidelberg," by Harry Edmonds (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "Listen, Lovely," by Keith Campbell (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "Great Mischief," by

Books

Josephine Pinckney (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.); "Rumour's Daughter," by Keats Hill (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.); "Period Portrait," by Diana Rolfe (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "Murder of Margaret," by Clive Ryland (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "Memory and Desire," by Mary Main (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); "The 17th Letter," by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); "All On A Summer's Day," by John Garden (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); "Adventure in France," by Peter Holley (Werner Laurie, 6s. 6d.); "The Sovran Sun," by Robert Rishworth (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); "Proud Zulu," by Oliver Walker (T. Werner Laurie, 9s. 6d.); "Brazilian Interlude," by W. A. Bond (James Barrie, 9s. 6d.).

END

Vegetable Delicatessen (Continued from page 47)

CURRIED VEGETABLE ENVELOPES

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. short pastry; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cooked vegetables such as beans, peas, carrots, celery; 2 oz. sultanas; 2 apples, peeled, cored and diced; dessertspoonful chutney; about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint curry sauce.

Roll out pastry about $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick. Cut in 5-in. squares. Dice vegetables except peas and beans, and clean sultanas. Mix these, apples and chutney with sauce made as

follows: Peel $\frac{1}{2}$ an onion, slice small. Fry till golden-brown in a walnut of margarine. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, cook gently till thickened.

Spread mixture in centre of squares, damp edges, fold corners to the centre and seal. Put fancy swirl of pastry in centre like a seal, brush with milk. Bake in a good oven, Regulo 6 or 425° F., about 20 minutes, serve with peas and new potatoes.

END

The Swim Suit (Continued from page 38)

THE BRA

With prune, cast on 3 sts. Working in st.st. shape on the following rows: Inc. 1 st. each end of first 12 rows.

13th row.—Inc. 1, k. to last 10, turn, p. to last 10, turn, k. to last st., inc. 1. 14th row.—P., inc. each end. Change to white wool. 15th row.—K. inc. at each end. 16th row.—P.; rep. last 2 rows, once. 19th row.—As 13th row.

Rep. rows 16, 15, 16, 15, 16, 19, 16, 15, 16 (28 rows in all). Change to prune. 29th row.—As 15th. 31st row.—Inc., k. to last 10, turn, p. to last 10, turn, k. to last 20, turn, p. to last 20, turn, k. to last st., inc. 1.

Rep. rows 16, 15, 16 and 31. 39th row.—As 31st row. Work 3 rows st.st. in prune and 2 in white. 45th row.—Dec., k. to last 11, turn, p. to last 10, turn, k. to last 21, turn, p. to last 20, turn, k. to last 2, dec. 49th row.—As 45th row. 50th row.—P. 51st row.—K. dec. at each end. 53rd row.—As 45th row. Rep. rows 50, 51 and 50. Change to prune. 57th row.—As 51st row. 58th row.—P. Rep. last 2 rows once. 61st row.—Dec. k. to last 11, turn, p. to last 10, turn, k. to last 2, dec.

Rep. rows 58, 57, 58, 61, then rep. rows 58, 57, 58, 57, 58. Change to white. 71st and 72nd rows.—Dec. each end. 73rd row.—As 61st row. Now dec. each end of every row until 3 remain. Rep. 1st to 84th rows. Cast off last 3.

THE EDGING

Holding work right side, towards you, with prune wool, pick and k. 14 sts. along top edge of outside prune stripe, then 10 from edge of each of the next 4 stripes, 14 from next white stripe, 1 from centre, 14 from next white stripe, 10 from each of next 4 and 14 from last stripe. Now work 7 rows in k. 1, p. 1, rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of every row and at same time taking the 3 centre sts. tog. on every row. Cast off in rib. With prune, work lower-edge binding and back strip as follows: Cast on 48, holding work right side towards you, pick up and k. 8 sts. along edge of top binding, then 14, 10, 10, 10, 14, 1, 14, 10, 10, 10, 10, and 14 sts. as before; pick up 8 from top binding. Turn, cast on 48, rib these 48, rib to centre 3, take 3 tog., rib to end. Continue in rib, taking centre 3 tog. every row.

5th row.—Make buttonhole: rib to last 7, cast off 4, rib to end. Next row.—Rib 3, cast on 4, rib to end. Work 8 rows in all, cast off in rib.

SHOULDER STRAPS

With prune, pick up and k. 5 sts. from each side of centre top edge of cup, (10 sts. in all) and rib 14-in. strip. Cast off, and stitch firmly to top edge of back strap.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with damp cloth and sew on button.

END

The Jacket

(Continued from page 38)

Change to main patt. and continue until 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole edge row until 54 sts. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of next neck edge row. Work for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front with shapings at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles, cast on 94 sts. Work 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to main patt. Work until 8 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts., rib in k. 1, p. 1, sufficient to go down each front.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 132 sts. Work 2 rows plain. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib (keeping 2 sts. each end in plain knitting). Work 2 ins., inc. 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until 140 sts. (keep inc. inside the border). Work 2 rows plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew on front strips, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. space at right top for button-hole. Sew on link buttons.

END

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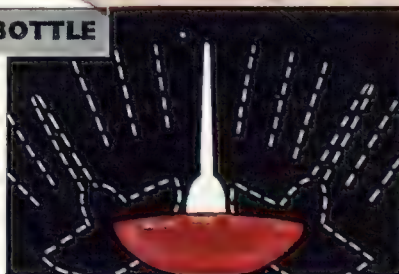


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Quiet In Mayfair (Continued from page 33)

cupboard holds an ingeniously built-in wash-basin and mirror.

Beyond this bedroom are the dining-room and kitchen, built out on a platform. The dining-room is a perfect example of how a small space can be used to best advantage: round the kidney-shaped, glass-topped table is a banquette seat in the shape of a flattened horse shoe: there can be no ceremony here, no ritual of which gentleman takes what lady in to dine: it's a question of—"You've got to go in first, because you're sitting in the middle," and the named individual plumps down on the point of the horse shoe—which is providentially upholstered in soft, turquoise leather—and slides his or her behind round until it arrives at the indicated spot. Once all the guests are established, the arrangement is perfect, as the slight curve of the banquette brings everyone in to the conversation and also allows plenty of elbow room.

The walls of this room, like those in most

of the rest of the flat, are papered; and here the design is copied from one at Versailles.

The dining-room leads in to the kitchen, which is well planned, with plenty of cupboard and shelf room, a sink with draining boards on both sides, a refrigerator and an enamelled table, which slides in to the wall when not in use.

There are a number of art treasures in this charming flat, some of them collectors' pieces in fine glass, Battersea enamel, crystal and china.

If you should pause on the pavement, before risking life and limb in an attempt to cross a busy street not far from Piccadilly, you might think to yourself—"It would be nice and central to live here, but I wouldn't do it for the world, it must be so noisy." But just behind you there might be a door leading to a dim, flagged hall, above which the windows of this quiet flat look out on to the waving tree tops of the square.

END

Public Polls—And What They Mean

(Continued from page 25)

his fault. It was nothing whatever to do with the aforesaid political prophets and editorial seers, still less, of course, with the man in the street. Dr. Gallup's poll had prophesied a Dewey victory, and that was all there was to be said about it. Down with Gallup! Down with polls! And let's forget about the whole wretched business.

There are several points which are worth noticing in this singular manifestation, and the first of them is that it was a remarkable compliment to Gallup himself. If his record had been less impeccable, if his prophetic career had not been, with very few exceptions, so triumphantly successful, the disappointment at this one spectacular failure would have been less acute. People would have shrugged their shoulders, and murmured that they never did set much store by the polls, anyway, and there the matter would have rested. But in the past fifteen years Gallup had nearly always been right, and often he had been right *alone*; his had been a solitary voice crying in the wilderness—though, of course, that voice had in fact been the organ of a multitude who would otherwise have been inarticulate. Gallup had come to be regarded as infallible.

The second point to notice is that Gallup's failure was not really so spectacular after all, though it was made to look so at the time. His actual margin of error was just over four per cent. By this we mean that he was only four per cent wrong in his forecast of the actual number of votes which would be cast for the opposing candidates. However, under the American electoral system, as indeed in any system which does not employ proportional representation, even a very small swing to the left or the right may result in a totally disproportionate change in the government as finally constituted.

Finally, there was an unforeseen factor. The public opinion polls were taken a week before the election. After they had been taken, the spot price of corn dropped thirty cents a bushel. To explain why this was a bull point for Truman would involve too long a technical dissertation; it may, however, be taken as a fact that this fall of thirty cents turned the narrow margin of the farmer's vote in Illinois and Ohio which, in its turn, determined the result of the election.

This somewhat lengthy apologia for Gallup is offered for two reasons; firstly, because I believe that—far from being "finished"—his system is at the beginning of a new stage of influence and expansion; secondly, because I believe that this system is something very much more important than an amusing toy. It has all the potentialities of a social force which may profoundly modify, and modify for the good, the workings of the democratic system.

What is the Gallup poll, and how is it conducted?

The Gallup poll is a method of testing public opinion, not by a general ballot, but by private interviews with members of the general public. These members of the public are carefully selected so that they shall be representative of the community at large, and the interviewers are trained specialists who are checked and rechecked to keep them up to the scratch.

How many people are interviewed?

The answer to this question will come to most people as a surprise. One would have thought that with a population of 140 millions, the number of opinions needed to form any accurate judgment of the national sentiment would be in the neighbourhood of a hundred thousand at least. In fact, the average "sample" ranged from 1,500 to 5,000. Gallup has found, through years of experiment, that the quality of the sample is far more important than the quantity. The most dramatic proof that he is right in this assumption was afforded by the fiasco of the *Literary Digest* poll in 1936. Before the Presidential election of that year the *Digest* sent out no less than ten million ballots. The result was an error of nineteen per cent, and a false forecast that Alfred M. Landon would be elected. The error of this colossal ballot may be contrasted with Gallup's average error over a period of fifteen years, which is almost exactly 2.5 per cent.

How is an accurate cross-section of the community formed?

To answer this question fully would demand far more space than is at our disposal. Roughly speaking, the principle employed is one of simple common sense. For example, if twenty-five per cent of all adults in the nation are engaged in farming, then obviously twenty-five per cent of the total "sample" for the nation must be farmers; if five per cent of the adults of the nation are on relief, then five per cent of the total sample must be made up of persons on relief. Modifying this broad principle, however, are innumerable checks and variations calculated to meet the special nature of the problem to be polled. It might be important, for example, to test a sample to see that it includes the right number of people of German ancestry. By simply adding a question on the ballot to secure this information, it is possible to compare the results with census data.

How many interviewers are used and how are they chosen?

About a thousand interviewers are employed throughout carefully selected areas of the U.S.A. They are given a retaining fee for their work. Most of them have attended college, and they are chosen on the recommendation of local editors, educators, business men, etc., who know them personally.

One problem which (Continued on page 66)

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puzzled me, was how it was possible to test an interviewer's integrity. Why shouldn't he just take a bundle of forms and fill them in by the comfort of his own fireside, instead of trudging round the cities and the farms in search of information? Gallup smiled when I asked him that question. "We take no chances on that," he said. "We always put in what we call a 'cheating' question, which is a question to which no interviewer can possibly fake an answer without giving himself away."

This rough sketch of the working of the polls gives only a faint impression of the delicacy and the intricacy of the machine itself, but it is at least enough to prove that it is a good deal more than an ingenious toy or a transitory stunt.

And now to try to substantiate our assertion that the Gallup poll has "all the potentialities of a social force which may profoundly modify, and modify for the good, the workings of the democratic system."

Here I shall fall back on Bryce, whose *American Commonwealth* is still, after fifty years, the clearest analysis not only of

American democracy in action, but of the principles through which any democracy should act.

Bryce enunciated this glittering truism; he said that the final development of democratic government will be reached when the will of the majority of citizens is ascertainable at all times."

To this truism he added two others:

1. "The choice of one man against another is an imperfect way of expressing the mind of a constituency."

2. "The action of opinion is continuous, that of voting occasional, and in the interval between the elections of legislative bodies, changes may take place materially affecting the views of voters."

Each of these generalizations, by itself, is flat enough; but if we add them up the conclusion is startling. For what Bryce is really saying is that there is a flaw in the democratic system, which may, on occasion, prove fatal.

That is where the Gallup poll comes in. Without any national upheaval, and with nothing but a small, tightly-knit organization

Public Polls—And What

They Mean

controlled by private enterprise, it is possible within a very short space of time to ascertain the workings of the mass mind, with an average margin of error of 2.5 per cent—to report, in other words, almost precisely what the man-in-the-street is thinking.

And—this is the vital point—the experience of fifteen years has taught Gallup that the man-in-the-street invariably thinks ahead of his leaders. On no single occasion did he find that the "average" man or the "average" woman was lagging behind what was regarded as contemporary thought. In short, he learned the literal truth of Eugene Myer's epigram: "A leader is a man who is only six months behind public opinion."

Once this fact is accepted—and the statistics compel us to accept it—we can hardly deny that the polls are a "social force," nor that they are a force which is likely to act for good.

END

Is There A Great Sea-Serpent?

(Continued from page 28)

exists in the oceans a large, very long creature of serpentine form, which is as yet unrecognized by science. It is best described by the name it has been given by popular choice—the great sea-serpent. It is necessary to add "great" to distinguish this famous mystery of the sea from the true sea snakes which are venomous reptiles living a marine life and subsisting on fish. As the longest sea snake rarely exceeds nine feet in length, it is obvious that these creatures cannot have been the origin of the belief in the great sea-serpent.

THE two standard works on the sea-serpent are by Dr. A. C. Oudemans, a professional Dutch zoologist, and the late Brains Truster and master of miscellaneous information, Commander Rupert T. Gould. Anyone who carefully reads the summary of the evidence as presented by these two authors will know how to judge the remarkable entry in *Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary* where the sea-serpent is described as "an enormous marine animal of serpent-like form, frequently seen and described by credulous sailors, imaginative landmen, and common liars."

"Credulous sailors"—well judge by the depositions of the crew of Her Majesty's frigate *Dædalus*. About the middle of the last century information reached the Admiralty that a report was circulating to the effect that the captain and officers of this ship had seen a sea-serpent. Admiral W. H. Gage immediately wrote to the ship's commander, Captain Peter M'Quhae, asking on behalf of the Admiralty what this was all about. The Captain's official reply was deemed to be of sufficient public interest for it to be published in *The Times*, where it duly appeared on October 14, 1848.

In his official report Captain M'Quhae said on August 6, 1848, the *Dædalus* was in the South Atlantic between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena. A stiff breeze was blowing and the ship had almost all her canvas up. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when a midshipman saw something "very unusual" rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The middle at once reported what he had seen to Captain M'Quhae, who was pacing the quarter-deck with the officer of the watch and the master. Captain M'Quhae continues:

On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and, as nearly as we could approximate, by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least sixty feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our

lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the SW, which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its colour a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like a mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-mentioned.

When I was in Copenhagen last year I met Dr. Anton Fr. Bruun, one of Europe's leading marine biologists. I found him a firm believer in the great sea-serpent, and he told me that when discussing the evidence for its existence he usually begins by citing the experience of Captain M'Quhae and the other observers on the *Dædalus*. It seems more reasonable to believe that they were recounting fairly and soberly the evidence of their own eyes than that experienced and responsible seamen of the Royal Navy, long trained to making observations at sea, were either telling untruths (and that in an official report to the Admiralty!) or that they were all the victims of some strange hallucination.

At the time I was in Denmark the Danes were preparing a deep sea expedition and Dr. Bruun told me that one of the objects was to try to catch a sea-serpent. He said he thought long lines baited with frozen herring would stand a good chance of catching one. He added that he thought the reason why a sea-serpent had never been caught before was that nobody had fished in the right place—many fathoms down in the open ocean.

Partial confirmation of Dr. Bruun's contention that the home of the great sea-serpent is many fathoms down in the open ocean comes from a strange source—that of a U-boat commander in the first World War. Captain Freiherr von Forstner has recorded that on July 30, 1915, he torpedoed the British ship *Iberian* in the North Atlantic. The ship sank without exploding, but when she had disappeared from sight for about half a minute, and was at an estimated depth of a thousand metres (roughly 500 fathoms) she blew up.

Captain Forstner and five other men were on the bridge of the submarine at the time, and as they watched they saw debris from the under-sea explosion of the ship hurled into the air. Then they were amazed to see

what Captain Forstner described as "a huge marine animal" come flying out of the water. He writes: "We at once centered our attention upon this marvel of the seas. It was about twenty meters (over sixty feet) long, looked like a giant crocodile, and had four powerful paddle-like limbs and a long pointed head."

The explanation of this event seems easy to me. The explosion of, or in, the sinking steamer caught the 'undersea-crocodile,' as we called it, and forced it out of the water."

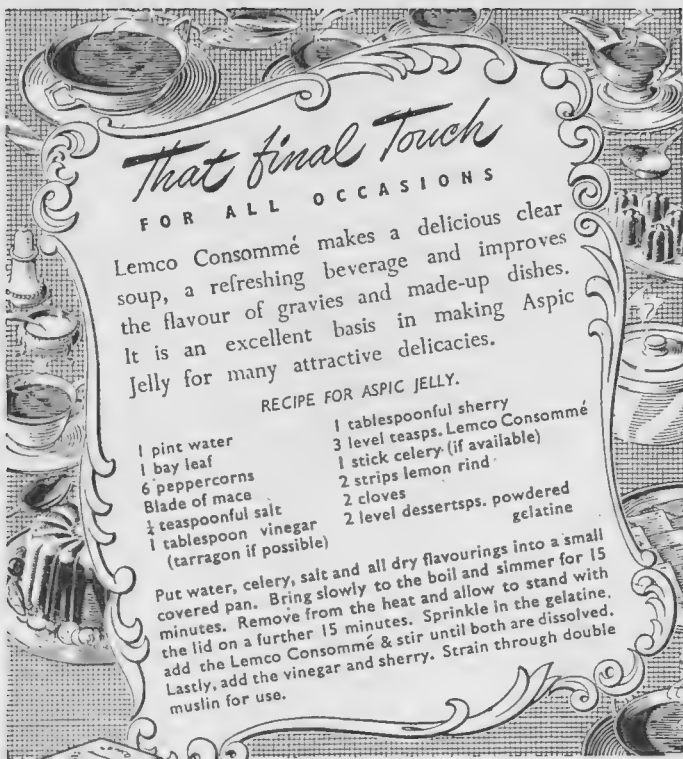
It may not be generally known that there is one record of the sighting of a sea-serpent published in the erudite *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*. Two Fellows of the Society, Messrs. Nicoll and Meade-Waldo, were in a yacht off Parahiba, Brazil, on December 7, 1905, when they saw about a hundred yards away, some eight feet of a very long, slender neck, ending in a turtle-like head, and below they could discern a much larger body.

This encounter took place in brilliant sunlight, and the creature was observed through binoculars. There can hardly be any question, therefore, of mal-observation. Mr. Meade-Waldo told Commander Gould that, to the best of his recollection, the creature he saw agreed almost exactly with contemporary drawings made of the sea-serpent seen by the officers of the *Dædalus*. I myself have examined the sketch which was published in the journal mentioned above and there is certainly a likeness to that published as a result of the *Dædalus* incident.

Such then are some of the eye-witness accounts which have been recorded of encounters with alleged sea-serpents. For each account I have given, dozens more could be produced from the literature on this great unknown of the seas. In considering the accounts generally, this point should be borne in mind—most of the best descriptions come from men trained in the ways of the sea, men practised in gauging distance and phenomena at sea, and whose word would be accepted without hesitation on any normal matter. Bearing such facts in mind it is difficult to believe that such men would mistake, as has sometimes been suggested, a line of leaping porpoises or an island of seaweed for a sea-serpent.

I am glad to see that the article on the sea-serpent, written by a professional zoologist in a recent edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, after dealing with eight possible explanations, concludes: "When, however, all these and similar possibilities have been explored, there still remain a number of independent and apparently credible stories which are not satisfactorily explained." Except, I would add, on the basis that there does, in fact, exist a large marine creature, as yet unknown to science, which is best described as the Great Sea-Serpent.

END



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- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 pint water | 1 tablespoonful sherry |
| 1 bay leaf | 3 level teasps. Lemco Consommé |
| 6 peppercorns | 1 stick celery (if available) |
| Blade of mace | 2 strips lemon rind |
| ½ teaspoonful salt | 2 cloves |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | 2 level dessertsp. powdered gelatine |
| (tarragon if possible) | |

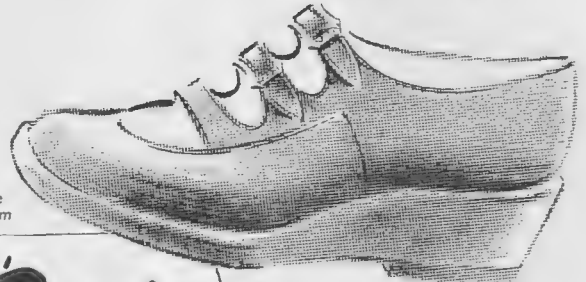
Put water, celery, salt and all dry flavourings into a small covered pan. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to stand with the lid on a further 15 minutes. Sprinkle in the gelatine, add the Lemco Consommé & stir until both are dissolved. Lastly, add the vinegar and sherry. Strain through double muslin for use.



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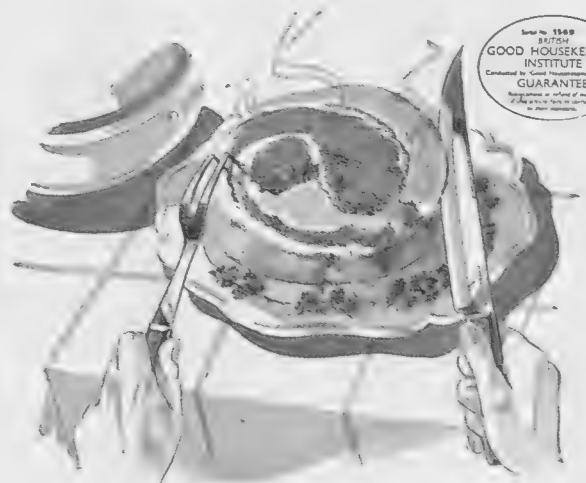
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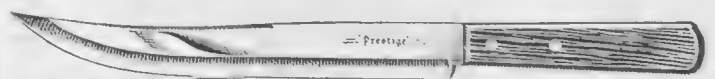


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seconds Simpson was silent, staring at the top of the polished table. Then he blinked like a man who has come suddenly into the glare of a fierce light.

"Seal of the confessional?" he asked lightly.

"Naturally," Johnstone assured him. And Mullins nodded, his big black eyes fixed intently on Simpson's face.

"Sir Henry Wilson's ship was named the *Australia*," Simpson began. "Originally she had been a whaler, and was a small, smelly vessel, built entirely of wood, with her bows thickened and distorted by layers of scantling to enable her to withstand the pressure of the ice when frozen in. Naturally, quarters were cramped, for she carried a big complement and sufficient stores and fuel to last two years. Sail was used in open water for economy, but she was fitted with an auxiliary engine for use amid the ice. Fifteen tons of coal a day only squeezed seven knots out of her, so you can imagine that sail was the customary motive power.

"The captain was a naval lieutenant named Evans—Larry to his intimates, who were few, for he had the proverbial aloofness of the service and did not make friends readily. He had been chosen for the post by the Commonwealth Government. I suppose some minister regarded it as his prerogative to appoint him, seeing that the Government was finding about four-fifths of the cost of the expedition. Anyhow, whatever the reason, the minister took the bull by the horns and appointed Evans without consulting Sir Henry. That rankled. The two men seemed to hate one another from the outset, and the hatred fomented and intensified as the weeks sped and the *Australia* nosed her way towards the southern ice-cap. The cramped environment of ship board, especially on such a tiny vessel, is amazingly prolific in incubating personal dislikes. In fact, it requires a particularly strong friendship to withstand the strain of unremitting intercourse. You may imagine the effect on a mutual antipathy.

"To add to the forces that were operating, it has to be admitted that Sir Henry possessed a vitriolic tongue. He had the nasty gift of being able to say things that meant nothing, in a manner that meant everything. This trait he exercised to the full on Evans, who, in common with most sailors, was slow with his tongue.

"For weeks Evans accepted the veiled snubs and innuendoes phlegmatically. But he treasured their memory and bided his time. The atmosphere in the cabin was most unpleasant. Everyone was on edge, and splenetic outbursts altogether too common. The general tone boded ill for the success of the expedition, for much depended on *esprit de corps* and cheerfulness. Finally, goaded into retaliation by the persistence with which Sir Henry baited him, Evans carried the war into Africa with a vengeance. Lacking subtlety, he came bluntly and directly to the point.

"'Wilson,' he said quietly, a tiny red patch on each cheek, 'you're a rank cur. You trade on your size.'

"For a moment Sir Henry stared at him blankly. Then he lifted his brows. 'I'm not usually regarded as a big man,' he commented dryly.

"'That,' Evans retorted, 'is exactly the point. You're a physical weakling, and you trade on it. If I knocked your teeth down your throat, as I have every justification for doing, I should be accounted as big a cur as you. You know that; and it prompts you to insult me. You skulk behind your lack of physique.'

"Sir Henry's answer was to toss a cup of tea in his face.

"Evans kept his head admirably; I'll say that for him. Wiping his cheeks, which had gone deathly white, he spoke evenly and dispassionately.

"'That act, Wilson, bears out what I said. You're a rank cocktail, deliberately trading on your immunity from a sock on the jaw.' He turned on his heel and left the cabin, still dabbing at his wet cheeks with his handkerchief.

"From that moment the two men ceased

to address one another, which did not tend to make matters more comfortable for the rest of the ship's company. When the leaders of such an expedition are at loggerheads, life is by no means a bed of roses for their shipmates. It breeds partisanship, coupled with general restraint and unpleasantness. All spontaneous camaraderie vanishes, and men who should be all in to one another are transformed into mumbling effigies who fear to express their thoughts.

"Sir Henry, you must understand, was titular head of the expedition; but Evans was the official navigator and commander of the ship. Each was an absolute autocrat in his own domain. The big trouble lay in setting definite bounds to their authority—to determine where either's powers began or ended. A certain amount of overlapping was inescapable, and the problem only could have been met by a mutual policy of compromise and give-and-take. In this instance, neither would yield an inch where he considered his office entitled him to command; and the strain grew terrific. They clashed frequently and stubbornly, but refused to speak directly to one another. Like rival monarchs, they commissioned subordinates to carry their complaints and recriminations back and forth, usually with pathetic futility.

"However, each was thoroughly competent, and despite their enmity the little *Australia* worked her way steadily south, sailing in open water with her canvas out, forcing her way through pancake ice under steam, and ultimately bringing up against the great ice wall that has stood for millenniums, expanding and shrinking with the seasons, but never vanishing. Here the ship was moored and made snug for the winter. Huts were built on the ice, a stretching aerial was erected to facilitate communication with the outer world, and most of the members of the expedition were given free choice whether they remained on the vessel or transferred to quarters on shore—if the term may be applied to a desert of ice hundreds of miles from land.

"Fortunately, choice of habitation was denied both Sir Henry and Evans. The former, as leader of the expedition, was compelled by convention to dwell on shore. Evans, commanding the ship, had to remain on board. This adventitious severing of relations eased the tension, and the company began to breathe freer. But the enmity of the protagonists seemed to batten on the separation. Possibly they had greater leisure to brood, now that the ship was lying in winter quarters and direct occupation had gone.

"The winter dragged along, and the time came when Sir Henry judged that the dash for the pole should be made. With disastrous experience of aeroplanes and tractor sledges on a former expedition, he had elected to rely on dogs. A team of Alaskan huskies had been brought for the purpose, and nursed through the early winter until they were jumping out of their skins with energy and fitness. The sledge was packed under his personal supervision, all equipment being exhaustively calculated in ounces and cut down to the bare safety-line. He had no desire to burden the dogs with needless lumber. Life itself might hang on lightness of burden and celerity of movement.

"It already had been decided that three men—Sir Henry and two others—should make the dash to the pole. More would increase the load to be carried, without furnishing adequate compensation. Less would reduce the manpower below the point of efficiency. Sir Henry had worked it all out in the light of previous experience. Two men were to accompany him.

"Naturally, there was considerable speculation about the personnel, though all agreed that the Canadian dog-driver, who had been specifically engaged for the purpose, would be one. That left a single vacancy. Who was to be the elect? In this connection, you will understand, Sir Henry was supreme. The whole ship's company, from the cabin boy to the volunteer scientists, was at his disposal and completely under his orders.

"He did not discuss it. He did not call for

volunteers. He merely issued a bulletin announcing that he had resolved to take the dog-driver and . . . Lieutenant Evans!

"The amazement was profound and electrical. The selection of Evans was the sole topic of conversation and criticism wherever men congregated in knots or pairs. Admittedly he possessed the requisite endurance and strength, and he also was a highly skilled navigator. But there were at least a dozen others equally fitted. Why had he been picked? Some held that it was an extension of the olive branch; others, that it was purely applied spite, designed to place Evans completely under Sir Henry's thumb for the duration of the journey. A few contended that Evans was an obvious choice, and that Sir Henry had proved big enough to set the success of the expedition above personal feelings. But none really knew the impelling motive. I think, none knows it to this day. I won't worry you with my personal opinion, which is probably as far from the truth as the rest of the guesses.

"Well, they set out and, as the world knows, reached the pole, where they cached the customary bottle of documents, hoisted the Commonwealth flag, and rested two days to repair their energies before starting on the difficult journey back to the base.

"From that moment Fortune turned her back. Just as she had been lavish with her favours on the outward trip, so she proved niggardly, even directly hostile, on the return journey. A blizzard roared from the east on the second day out and forced them to camp for five days. This meant a serious depletion of stores. Each morning they stared anxiously at the grey sky from which the snow fell unceasingly, whipped and driven in long slants by the bitter gale. On the morning of the sixth day they were able to start again, and struck out over the heavy carpet of snow, finding it heavy going. For four days they toiled laboriously onward, taking it in turns to march ahead and trample a path for the straining dogs. Then the sledge fell into a lane of open water covered by a deceptive film of snow, and three of the dogs were drowned. The remaining three were unable to pull the heavy sledge, and the two men not engaged in breaking trail had to hitch the empty traces over their shoulders and haul. One always went ahead to tramp the snow flat, while the others sweated with the dogs. It would be rash to hazard a guess which job was the harder—hauling, or breaking trail. But as they took turn and turn about in regular shifts, the work was evenly divided. There was no favouritism, and no shirking. Even Sir Henry, far less capable physically than his companions, insisted on bearing his full share of the labour.

"On the eighth day after the blizzard, the Canadian slipped from a hummock and broke his neck. They had no means of burying him, and to have attempted to bring his body in on the sledge would have been stupid, profiting the dead man nothing while almost certainly ruining the chances of the survivors. In such emergencies the first duty is always to the living. So they propped him against the hummock which had taken his life, and left him. He was found, two years later, when another expedition made an attempt to follow in Sir Henry's tracks, but was beaten back by inclement weather.

"Then began a waking nightmare for Sir Henry and Evans. They were at the point of physical exhaustion, and the nights found them too weary to construct a proper camp. They just wrapped themselves in their furs and slept where they dropped, after swallowing a mug of hot soup, eating some biscuits and tinned meat, and tossing a few frozen fish to the dogs.

"Their hatred persisted even in this extremity—possibly became aggravated. They refused to address each other, preserving an obstinate silence which was as absurd as it was tragic—absurd when maintained with death confronting them; tragic, in that a dispassionate discussion of the position and its possibilities might have meant the difference between (Continued on page 70)

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salvation and doom. Like sulky, headstrong boys, they persisted in a rigid silence while devouring one another with looks that were eloquent of their unspoken feelings.

"A second blizzard came with venomous moans, forcing them into encampment again; and they woke one morning to find two of the remaining dogs dead. That meant that the sledge must be abandoned. And still they did not speak!

"Evans cut the surviving dog loose to fend for itself, and silently each man parcelled as heavy a pack as he considered he might carry. When the blizzard died they ate heartily, fortifying themselves with several mugs of hot soup—they could afford to be prodigal when leaving the bulk of their small store of provisions behind—and set out on the final stage of their dolorous journey. Evans calculated that a week's walking was the minimum in which they could hope to make the ship, given the best of travelling conditions and something more than an even break with luck. But he said nothing; merely swung his pack to his shoulders, cast a glance at the threatening sky, and consulted his compass.

"Two days later Sir Henry broke a leg. There was nothing available to serve as a splint, so it was left entirely to nature. Having examined the injured limb as well as he was able to do by fingering it through the thick clothing—he dared not expose it to the biting cold—Evans opened both packs, tossed away everything but a meagre supply of blankets and provisions, parcelled the residue into a single pack, and silently strapped it about Sir Henry's shoulders. Then he lifted the injured man, sat him on a low hummock, backed against it, and took him pick-a-back. Even in this dramatic crisis they maintained their absurd silence.

"For three days Evans stumbled onward with his human burden, pausing at intervals to rest his tired limbs and regain his spent breath. Each night they camped in the open. Evans's legs ached. His loins were stiff and weary. His breath came jerkily. His lungs burned. But he lumbered forward with Sir Henry straddling his back like the Old Man of the Sea, his face grey with the agony of his dangling leg, and his body chilled through from inaction. Possibly he suffered greater physical torment than Evans. What he endured mentally, to realize his complete dependence on his enemy, may be surmised.

"When they camped on the fourth night, Evans discovered that the precious pack had gone. It had come unbuckled and fallen during the day's journey. The circumstances attending this particular incident in the tragic march are almost beyond credence; but they shed a vivid light on the quality of the men's hatred. Sir Henry had felt the pack slip from his back; but his pride and obstinacy were as stupid and unreasoning as they were inveterate. He had not spoken, even to draw attention to this calamitous accident. Evans was equally stubborn. He refused to ask whether the pack was near or far; whether it had been lost early in the day or near its close. He merely scowled at his companion and set about constructing a snow hut in which to pass the night. When the rude structure was completed, he dragged Sir Henry inside and crouched beside him. He dared not sleep, lest he should not awaken again. Nor, for the same reason, dared he permit his injured companion to sleep. Speech being taboo he did not explain the need to remain awake; he compromised by singing at intervals in a cracked and raucous voice which it must have been most unpleasant to hear. He need not have worried. An experienced polar explorer, Sir Henry appreciated to the full the danger of sleep. He had no intention of incurring the risk. He spent the night twisting about, striving to ease his inflamed and throbbing leg.

"Next morning Evans took him on his back again. He staggered onward, slipping and stumbling. He feared to stop, for he might lack the strength to move again. So he kept going through the night. Sir Henry,

worn out by the excruciating agony of his dangling leg, lost consciousness in the early hours of the morning. Without a sound he slipped back and lay in the snow.

"Evans stopped, stared at him blankly for a while, then bent and hoisted him to his shoulder with the fireman's lift. His back ached cruelly. His legs were numb with fatigue. His belly craved for food; his nerves, for sleep. But he kept going.

"Time ceased to exist. He did not know whether he lived or was dead. He existed in a limbo of pain and weariness which was unreal; in an atmosphere which was mephitic and scorched his throat and lungs. Did he move? Or was he motionless in a moving environment? He did not know. He was conscious only of the fact that the relative distances between himself and the surrounding hummocks were ceaselessly changing. The hummocks came near, crawled by him, and vanished. Whether they moved past him, or he moved past them, he neither knew nor cared. He kept on his feet, and he kept a tight grip of the unconscious burden across his aching shoulders. But that was the limit of voluntary action. The rest was mechanical, reflex in origin.

"The ice hummocks continued to reel past him, oddly blurred and amorphous. He found himself singing a music-hall song, and his voice sounded harsh and cracked. He saw faces in the air, misty faces which flickered and danced as heat-rays dance in the tropics. He heard shrill voices chanting in the distance and ceased his own singing to listen.

"The landscape vanished in a grey mist which swallowed him much as the sea swallows a foundered swimmer. Long palpable tongues, licked his nose, entered his ears under the flaps of his fur cap, and filled his eyes with particles that burned like coals. They pierced his clothing and scorched his body. He beat vainly at the hot patches with one hand, holding his inanimate burden in place by a fierce grip round the wrist of its dangling arm. Then the searing mist turned into a soft fleecy cloud, deliciously warm and restful, which pressed about him and held him erect. He endeavoured to throw himself prone on its downy surface; but it resisted his effort, holding him upright. Supported in its gentle embrace, he plodded on. . . .

"He was found by a party of skiers from the base camp; found wandering in circles, scarcely more conscious than the limp form on his shoulders. His eyes were sunken and injected with blood. His cheeks were gaunt and livid above the black beard which protected the lower portion of his face from frost-bite. His legs were bending and sagging at each step. But he was doggedly tramping on!

"Eager hands lifted them and bore them to the base hospital, where they lay unconscious for days, warmly wrapped on truckle beds. Sir Henry was the first to regain his senses. He stared wearily around the room and caught the eye of the doctor.

"'Hello!' exclaimed the latter. 'Coming round, eh? How do you feel?'

"'Tired and sore,' Sir Henry rubbed his forehead. 'What happened? The last thing I remember was being carried by Evans. How did I get here?'

"'He brought you,' the doctor answered with a hint of grimness in his voice. 'God knows how he managed it; but he did. We found him staggering along with you on his shoulder, more than half dead himself.'

"Sir Henry was silent for a while. 'Where is he now?' he asked at length.

"'Over there,' the doctor pointed at the adjoining bed. 'He's in a pretty bad state. Clean exhausted. About all in. Both ears and three fingers were frost-bitten and we had a deuce of a job restoring the circulation.'

"Sir Henry was silent again. 'How about my leg?' he asked suddenly.

"'It's in a bad way,' the doctor answered bluntly. 'I can only do my best. I hope to save it for you; but it will be touch and go.'

"It was two days later before Evans began

to take an intelligent interest in his surroundings. Sir Henry wasted no time in coming to the point.

"'Why did you bring me in?' he asked, raising himself on his elbow.

"Evans grinned savagely. 'Because I hate you. Because I wished to place you under a lasting obligation to me. All your life you'll carry the knowledge that I saved you; that, but for me, you would be lying out there with that poor devil of a Canadian. It will be a heavy load for you to hump, Wilson; and I hope to God its weight crushes you. I saved you—saved you at the risk of my own life. Get that firmly into your head. I saved you. But for me, you wouldn't be alive.'

"He closed his eyes, and Sir Henry stared morosely at his gaunt cheeks, unhealthy white between the curly black beard and the bandaged ears. What emotions stirred in his heart, none knows; none will ever know. They are his own secret. But those intimately acquainted with the man can hazard a shrewd guess. It must have been gall and wormwood to him, to appreciate the magnitude of his debt to Evans.

"That closed the conversation," Simpson said quietly. "They did not speak to each other again. The summer thaw came, the ice melted north of the great wall, and they steamed outward to New Zealand. Evans had completely recovered and taken command of his ship. But Sir Henry lay in the sick bay, his leg encased in plaster."

Mullins, his head on one side, was about to speak when a steward approached and addressed Simpson.

"Commander Evans to see you, sir. Shall I show him in?"

"Of all the coincidences!" Simpson muttered. Then he nodded. "Yes, show him in, please."

A few minutes later a tall, dark, clean-shaven man was ushered in, wearing muffi.

"Hello, Simpson," he said heartily.

Simpson acknowledged the greeting with a wave of his hand, and introduced him to his companions. They chatted for a few minutes. Then Evans noticed the famous explorer stretched on the lounge.

"Excuse me a moment," he apologized, and walked across. They saw him raise his hand and smite the recumbent form a resounding thwack on the chest.

"Wake up, old sluggard," he exclaimed.

Sir Henry lifted his head and smiled. "You'll be booted out of here if you start any horseplay, Larry," he admonished. "We pride ourselves on our decorum."

"I thought you said they hated each other?" Mullins said with mild indignation.

Simpson shook his head. "I said they did hate each other," he corrected. "I said nothing about present relations."

"But if their hate was as deep as you suggested . . ." Johnstone protested, and pouted.

Simpson shrugged his shoulders. "Hate is a queer thing," he said softly. "Shut men up in a cramped space, especially men who are inherently antipathetic, and they are soon ready to cut one another's throat. But place the selfsame men in a wider environment, and hate melts like ice in the sun. I remember a plant that took root in a cellar when I was a kid. It threw out long, feeble branches and was pale and sickly. I transplanted it into the open air, and in a fortnight it was green and healthy. Environment, that is the secret. There are species of fungi that flourish in darkness but die in the sunlight."

"Humph!" Mullins muttered. He looked at Simpson suspiciously. "How the devil do you come to know so much about the expedition and the private feelings of Wilson and Evans?" he demanded.

"I," Simpson answered quietly, "happened to be the official medical man of the expedition, which also means the unofficial father confessor. What will you chaps have to drink?"

END



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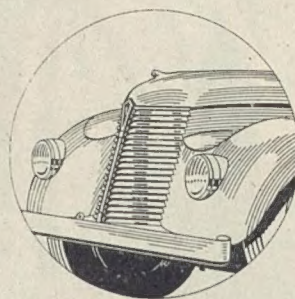
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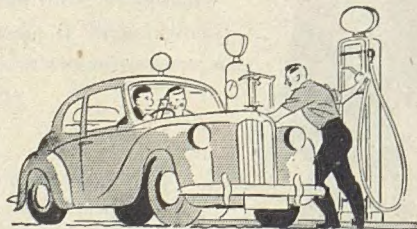
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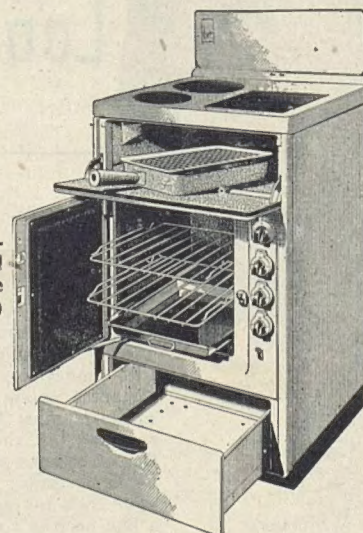
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